Snow Lotus AU – Complete Story Outline / Story Bible *OPEN ADOPT AU*

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Snow Lotus AU – Complete Story Outline / Story Bible *OPEN ADOPT AU*

by Moehime

Summary

Snow Lotus AU – Complete Story Outline / Story Bible

Shen Yuan never transmigrated into Shen Qingqiu. Instead, he remained in the modern world, where unexpected encounters with people from Proud Immortal Demon Way slowly changed the fate of two worlds.

This is not a traditional fanfiction, but the complete Story Bible and Story Outline of the Snow Lotus AU, including the main story, worldbuilding, character arcs, comedy, slice-of-life, alternate scenarios, post-canon ideas, and countless plot bunnies that somehow grew into an entire universe.

🌸 OPEN FOR ADOPTION 🌸

Feel free to expand this AU, remix its ideas, or use it as inspiration for your own stories. Credit is appreciated if your work is directly based on this Story Bible, but it's completely optional.

Some stories are written chapter by chapter. Others remain as dreams, waiting for someone to continue them.

If these ideas make you smile or inspire a new story, they've already fulfilled their purpose.

Welcome to Snow Lotus AU. 🌸

Notes

Welcome! 🌸

This isn't a traditional fanfiction—it's the complete Story Bible of the Snow Lotus AU.

Inside you'll find the entire journey of this universe: the main storyline, worldbuilding, character arcs, slice-of-life moments, comedy, alternate scenarios, post-canon ideas, and countless plot bunnies that slowly grew into something much bigger than I ever expected.

Everything has been organized into sections, so I hope it's easy (and fun!) to explore.

🌸 OPEN FOR ADOPTION 🌸

This universe is yours to explore.

If you'd like to expand this AU into a full fanfiction, borrow an idea, remix a concept, or simply let it inspire something new, please do!

If your work is directly based on this Story Bible, I'd be happy if you mentioned it as the original inspiration—but it's entirely up to you.

Some stories are written to be finished.

Others are written in the hope that they'll inspire another story someday.

Some stories are written chapter by chapter. Others remain as dreams, quietly waiting for someone to continue them.

I hope this little universe leaves you with a smile. Happy reading! 🌸

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: Snow Lotus AU - Part I

The Shen Family (Fan-Canon & SY)

- Mama Shen: The family matriarch.
- Eldest Brother (Da-ge): Shen Xixuan (沈七玄).
- Second Brother (Er-ge): Shen Jiuying (沈九英).
- Third Brother (San-ge): Shen Yuan (沈垣) – Our beloved, easily stressed protagonist.
- Youngest Sister (Meimei): Shen Ling (沈铃).

(Note: Shen Xixuan and Shen Jiuying are actually Yue Qingyuan and Shen Qingqiu/Shen Jiu, reincarnated with their past memories into the modern world as Shen Yuan's older brothers.)

Snow Lotus AU - The Shen Yuan Who Never Transmigrated

In this universe, Shen Yuan actually survived reading the infuriating, trashy ending of Proud Immortal Demon Way. Just as he was about to choke to death on his own rage (and a mouthful of mutton), his second brother, Shen Jiuying, burst in, saved his life in the nick of time, and promptly gave him a legendary scolding for being an idiot.

One week later, on a seemingly peaceful morning.

Shen Yuan had just finished his breakfast and was blissfully dozing off on the living room sofa. His mind was drifting in that perfect, half-asleep state—until a sudden, suspicious clatter shattered the silence.

His eyes snapped open.

Standing right there in his living room was a man clad in full, elaborate ancient cosplay (?). But this wasn't a friendly fan meetup; the stranger was glaring at him with lethal intent, a very real, very unsheathed spiritual sword leveled directly at Shen Yuan's throat.

Holy shit! A home invasion by a crazy cosplayer?!

Adrenaline firing all at once, Shen Yuan didn't waste a single second to ask questions. Vaulting off the sofa like a startled cat, he blindly snatched his smartphone from the coffee table and bolted out the front door in a absolute panic.

He sprinted out of the house, only to literally run into his second brother, Shen Jiuying, who happened to be stopping by for a morning visit.

"Er-ge!" Shen Yuan gasped, pale as a ghost.

"What is the meaning of this? Why are you running like a headless chicken?" Shen Jiuying frowned, his sharp eyes judging his younger brother's current state of existence.

Shen Yuan didn't even have the breath or the sanity to explain the sword-wielding lunatic currently occupying his living room. He just grabbed his brother's arm, his eyes wide with terror. "No time to talk! Er-ge, we're going to the office! Right now! Move, move, move!"

And so, without a single shred of dignity left, Shen Yuan dragged his brother straight toward the company—completely forgetting that he was still wearing his oversized Proud Immortal Demon Way fan-merch t-shirt, a pair of casual lounge shorts, and indoor slippers.

Liu Qingge's Bewildering Encounter

One moment Liu Qingge was minding his own business, and the next, he found himself dropped right into a completely foreign environment.

To make matters worse, the first thing he saw was someone possessing a face identical to Shen Qingqiu. But what truly appalled the Bai Zhan Peak Lord was the man's attire. This "Shen Qingqiu" was wearing clothes so utterly scandalous and shameless, they made the skimpy outfits of a brothel look downright conservative.

On pure, unfiltered muscle memory, Liu Qingge's hand flew to his hilt and unsheathed Cheng Luan, pointing it directly at the indecent lookalike.

Right at that exact second, the other man's eyes snapped open.

Upon seeing the gleaming blade, the fake Shen Qingqiu shrieked in terror, bolted off the couch like a frightened rabbit, and scrambled out of the house in a chaotic panic.

Liu Qingge lowered his sword, staring at the empty doorway. He couldn't help but think that the man's terrified expression had been... unexpectedly entertaining. If that arrogant, nasty-tempered Shen Qingqiu back home ever made a face like that when frightened, it would truly be a sight worth watching.

Shaking off the thought, Liu Qingge turned to survey his surroundings. The room was filled with bizarre, unidentifiable objects. He began to pace through the house, investigating this strange realm, until his eyes locked onto a large framed photograph hanging on the wall.

It was a portrait of the Shen family.

Liu Qingge walked over and stared at the image with intense curiosity.

There was a middle-aged woman and man—presumably the matriarch and patriarch. Next to them stood a man who bore a striking resemblance to Zhang門 Shixiong (Sect Master), Yue Qingyuan.

Then, his gaze drifted to two other men in the photo, both possessing faces that looked remarkably like Shen Qingqiu. However, one had sharper, more stern features, while the other—the one who had just fled in his underwear—had a noticeably softer, more delicate countenance. Finally, there was a beautiful young woman whose features seemed to be a perfect, harmonious blend of both Shen Qingqiu and Yue Shixiong.

Fascinated by this surreal family portrait, Liu Qingge reached out, his fingers inches away from touching the smooth frame.

But just as his fingertips were about to brush against the glass—blink.

The world shifted. Before he could even process what happened, the strange house vanished into thin air. Liu Qingge blinked again, only to find himself standing right in the middle of the dusty, familiar training grounds of Bai Zhan Peak, the midday sun beating down on him as if nothing had happened at all.

Meanwhile, at the Peak Lords' Meeting on Qiong Ding Peak…

During the solemn and official Peak Lords' meeting, Liu Qingge suddenly found his mind wandering. The memory of that shameless "Shen Qingqiu" lookalike screeching and fleeing like a startled rabbit flashed through his head.

Before he could stop himself, a genuine, highly amused smile broke across his usually stoic face.

The Peak Lord sitting right next to him caught sight of this absolute miracle and blinked in sheer disbelief. "Liu-shidi, why on earth are you smiling so cheerfully?"

At those words, the entire meeting room fell dead silent. The serious discussions ground to an abrupt halt. Dozens of heads turned in perfect unison, every single eye fixing a bewildered stare onto the Bai Zhan Peak Lord.

Liu Qingge, maintaining an entirely straight face, replied with utmost seriousness, "Did I smile?"

Without waiting for an answer, his gaze drifted across the room, lingering squarely on Shen Qingqiu. Out of nowhere, he tossed out a casual, completely unprompted question: "Shen Qingqiu, do you happen to have any siblings?"

Fwhip!

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fan open, shielding the lower half of his face. He let out a cold, defensive “Hmph!” and chose to completely ignore the question. Seeing that Shen Qingqiu had no intention of answering, Liu Qingge didn't push it further, and the meeting awkwardly returned to its usual, tense routine.

Meanwhile, in the Modern World…

On the other side of the universe, Shen Yuan was currently sitting in the passenger seat of his second brother's car, still dressed in his casual lounge shorts and indoor slippers.

As they drove toward the family company, Shen Yuan excitedly recounted his morning trauma. "I swear, Er-ge! I woke up and nearly had a heart attack because some crazy guy was pointing a literal sword at my face! That's why I grabbed my phone and bolted out the door." He paused, scratching his cheek sheepishly. "Though... thinking about it now, maybe I was just having a really vivid nightmare."

Even if it was just a dream, Shen Yuan wasn't about to risk going back home just yet, so he decided to tag along to the office.

However, the moment the car pulled up to the company headquarters, reality finally caught up with him. Shen Yuan looked down at his oversized Proud Immortal Demon Way t-shirt and plush indoor slippers, then slowly turned his head to look at his brother with wide, horrified eyes.

Shen Jiuying merely sighed at his younger brother's utter lack of situational awareness. Reaching into the back seat, he grabbed his spare corporate suit jacket and draped it gently over Shen Yuan's shoulders. Then, without a single word of warning, the famously cold and aloof CEO scooped his grown younger brother up into a flawless princess carry.

Shen Jiuying marched right into the company lobby, carrying Shen Yuan straight toward the executive elevator.

The entire office lobby went into immediate meltdown. Female employees gasped, clutching their hearts as they witnessed their notoriously icy, untouchable Boss carrying someone with such profound, protective care. Inner fannish screams echoed through the halls: Who is the lucky person?! Who captured the CEO's heart?!

Seeing the rising chaos, the veteran company managers quickly stepped in to quiet the crowd. "Hush, all of you. Get back to work," one senior manager muttered, rolling his eyes. "The person the CEO is carrying is just his younger brother."

Hearing this, the romantic delusions of the female staff were instantly crushed—only to be immediately replaced by an even wilder, hyperactive excitement as their minds flew straight into the realm of forbidden brotherly love (≧▽≦).

The Corporate Makeover

Once they safely made it inside the privacy of the executive office, Shen Jiuying set his younger brother down and began rummaging through his closet. He pulled out a spare set of clothes: a crisp button-up shirt, formal trousers, a leather belt, and a brand-new pair of dress shoes—which, in reality, Shen Jiuying had specifically bought beforehand as a surprise gift for his brother, though he would never openly admit it.

Shen Yuan quickly changed, officially shedding his "cute-and-cozy homebody" look.

The result? He transformed into an incredibly sweet-faced young man swimming in clothes that were noticeably a few sizes too big. The only reasons the trousers stayed up at all were thanks to the belt clamped tightly around his waist, and the shoes, luckily, fit his feet like a glove.

Shen Jiuying rubbed his temples, letting out a heavy, bone-deep sigh of utter exhaustion. He waved a hand dismissively at his brother, telling him to just find something to kill time with until the evening, when he would finally drive him back home.

The Grand Tour of the Office Garden

Having absolutely nothing better to do, Shen Yuan wandered out of the CEO's office and decided to casually explore every single department in the building.

At first, several employees frowned, ready to reprimand this random outsider for loitering around the corporate offices. But the moment they caught a clear glimpse of his face, the words died instantly in their throats.

After all, what kind of place was this? This was the headquarters of the Shen Corporation! The entire skyscraper belonged to the Shen family. Therefore, the Third Young Master casually strolling through the building as if it were his own personal backyard was entirely normal and legally permitted.

Instead of complaints, a wave of muffled, internal squeals swept through the office desks. The female staff were secretly losing their minds over how incredibly soft and adorable the CEO's younger brother looked.

And the shipping engines in their brains fired right back up into overdrive when they noticed his outfit—because those clothes were definitely not his size~

Meanwhile, completely oblivious to the romantic delusions he was causing, little Shen Yuan (?) went about poking his head into every single department. Being the naturally helpful person he was, he ended up doing minor favors and assisting the employees with their tasks here and there.

By the time lunch rolled around, the entire workforce had completely fallen in love with their incredibly sweet, kind, and precious Third Young Master~ ʕ•ᴥ•ʔ

A Very Awkward Reunion

To ensure his brother's peace of mind, Shen Jiuying ended up crashing at Shen Yuan's apartment for an entire week.

Naturally, absolutely nothing happened. Everything remained perfectly peaceful. So, on Monday morning, Shen Jiuying finally decided it was safe to head back to work and leave his brother to his own devices.

He stepped out of the apartment and was just about to board the elevator when his phone rang. The caller ID showed it was his younger brother. Upon pressing answer, the only thing that greeted him was Shen Yuan's trembling, terrified voice.

Without a second thought, Shen Jiuying bolted right back out of the elevator and sprinted all the way back to the apartment.

He burst through the door, only to be greeted by a surreal sight: a man clad in elegant green robes was currently using a paper fan to tilt Shen Yuan's chin up.

At that exact moment, the intruder murmured, "So that is why. No wonder that brute asked me such a bizarre question."

Shen Jiuying seriously wanted to slap a hand over his own face. He instantly understood why his younger brother's voice had been shaking so violently. Damn it, his past self really used to be so brutally cold and intimidating, hahaha!

An instant later, the CEO and his past self (?) made direct eye contact.

As for Shen Yuan? The sheer shock of the situation was too much for his modern brain to process. He promptly fainted right then and there.

Letting out a heavy sigh, Shen Jiuying closed the door and walked further into the apartment. Well, so much for going to the office today. He walked over and scooped Shen Yuan up into his arms, fixing a flat glare at Shen Qingqiu. "Look what you did. You terrified him so badly he passed out."

Shen Qingqiu elegantly snapped his fan open. "Hmph! Weak."

"Yes... he is weak," Shen Jiuying countered smoothly. "He has been a sickly child his entire life. Just a couple of weeks ago, he got so furious he nearly choked to death."

Hearing this, Shen Qingqiu fell silent. It felt as though he had accidentally bullied a fragile little snow lotus. Without a word, he quietly followed Shen Jiuying deeper into the living room.

Shen Jiuying gently laid his brother down on the long sofa. He then marched into the kitchen, brewed a fresh pot of Earl Grey tea, and brought it out to serve.

The two Shens sat down and began to converse. It was a bizarre dynamic that defies explanation, yet because they shared the exact same soul, they understood each other perfectly.

Before long, Shen Jiuying casually added, "Oh, and do me a favor. Pass a message to that brute Liu Qingge: tell him to stop pointing his sword at people's faces."

Shen Qingqiu nodded in agreement. "So the little snow lotus won't be scared to death, I presume?"

Shen Jiuying gave a firm nod.

By the time Shen Yuan finally blinked his eyes open, the elegant man who looked exactly like his brother was nowhere to be seen. Only his real, modern-day older brother remained, quietly watching over him.

Shen Jiuying patted his shoulder and gave him a calm piece of advice: if he ever ran into someone who looked identical to him again, there was no need to panic. Just have a proper, civil conversation with them.

Notes :

Note 1: The "Snow Lotus" refers to a flower that is exquisitely beautiful but incredibly fragile and easily damaged—much like Shen Yuan's health and sanity in this universe.

Note 2: Since Shen Jiuying is the actual reincarnation of Shen Qingqiu, he knows exactly how his past self thinks, feels, and what kind of prickly person he really is = × = ;

The Enigma of the Snow Lotus

Shen Qingqiu stepped onto the dusty grounds of the Bai Zhan Peak training field.

Lowering his sword from his form, Liu Qingge looked up from his training.

"..."

Shen Qingqiu elegantly snapped his paper fan open. "You uncouth brute."

Liu Qingge: "..."

"Next time, do not point your sword at the little snow lotus's face ever again."

Liu Qingge: "..."

"...Snow lotus?"

"Mn."

"...What kind of creature is that?"

"That boy."

"..."

"???"

Before Liu Qingge could even begin to process this bizarre demand, Shen Qingqiu simply let out a disdainful, *"Hmph!"* and swept his sleeves back, walking away with an air of absolute superiority.

He left behind a thoroughly bewildered Liu Qingge, who was now saddled with a brand-new mystery to solve.

Consulting the Medical Expert

Still deeply puzzled by the cryptic "snow lotus" comment, Liu Qingge waited until after he had dropped off a few injured disciples at Qian Cao Peak for treatment. Once the chores were done, he finally cornered the Peak Lord.

"Mu-shidi, what exactly is a snow lotus?"

Mu Qingfang blinked, momentarily caught off guard by the unusual question. "Liu-shixiong, what kind of answer are you looking for?"

"Any kind."

"Well, the snow lotus is a spiritual plant possessed of remarkable medicinal properties. However, one must handle it with extreme care; the blossom itself is exquisitely beautiful, but incredibly fragile and easily bruised."

Liu Qingge adopted a deeply contemplative expression. "And what if someone tells me to be more careful with a snow lotus?"

Mu Qingfang's eyebrow twitched as a sudden realization dawned on him. "Ah. If that is the case, the speaker was likely warning you that a certain someone is as frail and delicate as a snow lotus. If they are subjected to unexpected shocks too often, that person might frighten so easily they could faint... or perhaps even suffer sudden heart failure."

Liu Qingge's brow furrowed tightly.

Could that person really faint from shock? Just how terrified was he that day?

Unable to reach a logical conclusion, Liu Qingge promptly decided to banish the confusing thoughts from his mind, grabbed his sword, and left the mountain to go hunt some demonic beasts.

Left behind, Mu Qingfang watched Liu Qingge's retreating back with a thoroughly amused, sweet smile. It seemed something incredibly fascinating was brewing (◍•ᴗ•◍).

The Waiting Game and the Revenge of the Body

Shen Yuan spent the next few days mentally preparing himself to face any potential intruders dressed in historical *xianxia* cosplay. His second brother had assured him that the man who looked identical to him was perfectly safe. Shen Yuan reasoned with himself: if his brother could have a perfectly civil conversation with his own ancient lookalike, then surely communicating with someone who had the exact same face and prickly personality wouldn't be that hard!

However, a whole week passed, and absolutely nothing happened.

As it turned out, Shen Yuan had braced his heart for nothing.

Once he realized the danger had passed and his mind finally began to settle, his body decided it was the perfect time to stage a protest. The lingering stress and sheer panic from the previous incidents had silently accumulated. The moment his brain registered that the coast was clear, his fragile immune system surrendered, and a sudden fever flared up.

Defeated by his own weak constitution, Shen Yuan choked down some dinner, popped a few pills, and crawled into bed much earlier than usual.

A Midnight Visitor

Sometime in the dead of night, Shen Yuan’s eyes sleepily cracked open.

The bedroom wasn't entirely dark, as he had left a nightlight burning. But as his blurry vision adjusted to the soft, warm glow, he froze.

Silhouetted right beside his bed was the unmistakable, looming shadow of a person standing over him.

The Midnight Teleportation

Yue Qingyuan was burning the midnight oil, buried under a mountain of paperwork just like any other night. But the moment he set down his very last scroll, the familiar sight of his study vanished.

Suddenly, he found himself pulled into an entirely unknown location. It was a bizarre room, illuminated by a strange, steady light source that was far brighter than a candle, yet possessed no flickering flame.

As his eyes adjusted, he noticed someone lying on a bed nearby. Stepping closer to investigate, Yue Qingyuan gently placed his hand on the person's forehead. *A fever,* he noted mentally. He paused, trying to recall if he carried any emergency medicine from Mu Qingfang on him, but came up empty.

It was during this moment of contemplation that he finally got a clear look at the sleeping youth's face.

Xiao Jiu...?!

He froze, completely struck with shock. But looking closer, he realized, *No, this isn't him.* The features were identical, yet this face was significantly softer, lacking any of the sharp, defensive thorns of his Sect Brother.

A Very Mistaken Identity

Right then, the youth's eyes sleepily cracked open. Still dazed by the fever, he stared up at Yue Qingyuan. A flash of panic crossed his features at first, but it quickly melted into complete calmness.

After a soft cough, the youth mumbled in a raspy voice, "Ah, Da-ge... when did you get here?"

Yue Qingyuan blinked, thoroughly bewildered by the sudden title. Before he could utter a word of confusion, Shen Yuan weakly reached out, lightly tugging at the edge of his flowing robe. Looking up with big, pitiful, fever-bright eyes, he whined softly, "Ge... A-Yuan is thirsty. Get me some water."

Spurred into action by pure paternal instinct, Yue Qingyuan spotted a strange, transparent pitcher and glass sitting on the nightstand. He hurriedly poured the water, carefully lifted the glass to the boy’s lips, and helped him drink until his throat was no longer parched.

Crying on the Wrong Big Brother's Shoulder

Now that his thirst was quenched, a completely loopy, fever-ridden Shen Yuan mistook this gentle giant for his own eldest brother, Shen Xixuan. Seeking comfort, he lunged forward, throwing his arms around Yue Qingyuan’s waist and hugging him tightly.

Then, the grievances began to pour out.

Nuzzling into the Sect Master's robes, Shen Yuan began to mumble a breathless, chaotic rant about his recent traumas. He complained that three weeks ago, he woke up to a crazy intruder in blue-and-white *xianxia* cosplay pointing a literal sword at his face. Then, a week later, he encountered a terrifying lookalike of his second brother, which scared him so badly he literally fainted. And today, just when he thought another lunatic was going to pop up, nobody showed! The anti-climax and leftover stress had manifested into a miserable fever instead.

As Yue Qingyuan listened to the rambling, the puzzle pieces quickly clicked together in his mind.

A wave of profound pity washed over him for this poor, fragile little creature (?) who possessed Xiao Jiu's face. So, the poor boy had crossed paths with Liu Qingge and Shen Qingqiu. No wonder he was traumatized—especially by Liu Qingge (...).

With infinite gentleness, Yue Qingyuan softly stroked the boy's back until Shen Yuan's breathing evened out and he fell fast asleep. He carefully tucked the little snow lotus back into bed and sat by his side, quietly keeping vigil over the feverish youth until he, too, drifted off to sleep.

Back to Reality

"Sect Master? Sect Master..."

Yue Qingyuan snapped awake to the urgent voice of a disciple. He blinked, finding himself right back at his desk on Qiong Ding Peak, the morning sun streaming through the windows.

He slowly looked down at his right hand.

Clutched firmly in his palm was a damp, neatly wrung-out piece of cloth.

Yue Qingyuan stared at it, a gentle smile touching his lips. It seemed his midnight adventure had been far from just a dream.

The Morning After

Shen Yuan woke up the next morning feeling entirely refreshed, his miserable fever completely gone as if it had never existed.

His memory of the previous night was a bit hazy, but he vaguely recalled his eldest brother, Shen Xixuan, watching over him. Seeing that the apartment was empty, he figured his brother had already left for work. Wanting to express his gratitude, Shen Yuan picked up his phone and dialed the number.

"Hello, Da-ge? Did you stop by my place last night?"

The answer from the other end of the line left Shen Yuan completely bewildered—his brother had been nowhere near his apartment.

Blinking in confusion, Shen Yuan quickly brushed it off to end the call. "Ah, never mind then. I guess I just had a really vivid dream that you came over to take care of me when I was sick."

Connecting the Dots

After hanging up with his eldest brother, he immediately called his second brother to recount the bizarre night.

Shen Jiuying listened quietly before responding with a completely casual, matter-of-fact tone. "The person you met last night was likely Yue Qingyuan. But honestly, it's a good thing it was him. He's quite gentle and attentive. He wouldn't cause trouble or scare you half to death like Liu Qingge or my past self did."

Shen Yuan's brain instantly short-circuited. His voice shot up an octave in sheer disbelief.

"Wait, wait, wait! What did you just say?! Yue Qingyuan? Liu Qingge? And that guy who looked exactly like you... your past self? You mean *Shen Qingqiu*?!"

"Yes," Shen Jiuying replied smoothly.

The revelation hit Shen Yuan like a freight train. His soul practically left his body as his mind finally connected his real-life "cosplay intruders" to the legendary, terrifying characters of *Proud Immortal Demon Way*.

And true to his fragile snow lotus nature... the sheer shock was too much to handle. Shen Yuan promptly fainted right back onto his bed, losing consciousness for the second time that week!

The Top-Secret Peak Lord Conference

To any ordinary disciple passing by, the sight of the three most powerful Peak Lords—Sect Master Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu, and Liu Qingge—standing together in deep conversation would look incredibly solemn. They assumed the lords were discussing the fate of the cultivation world.

In reality, they were discussing a very stressed modern millennial.

After Yue Qingyuan casually dropped a gentle reminder about not terrifying innocent bystanders, Shen Qingqiu's eyes sharpened. He snapped his fan open, masking his face. "You met the little snow lotus?"

Yue Qingyuan nodded, a soft smile on his face. He explained that the poor boy had been burning with a terrible fever, so he spent the night nursing him back to health. Because the youth was so delirious, he had mistaken Yue Qingyuan for his own eldest brother. Combined with his illness, he hadn't panicked at all.

Shen Qingqiu let out a soft, knowing *"Hmph."* Having already spoken with his modern CEO self, he knew the grand truth: in their next incarnation, Yue Qingyuan really *was* that boy's eldest brother, and he himself was the second brother. Since this fragile kid was technically his future younger sibling, Shen Qingqiu mentally resolved to make absolutely sure he wouldn't scare his future little brother into an early grave next time.

Meanwhile, Liu Qingge stood there, feeling a sudden wave of genuine guilt washing over his straight-laced heart.

He really did scare the poor thing half to death, didn't he?

Driven by sheer remorse (?), the Bai Zhan Peak Lord immediately stormed off the mountain to hunt demonic beasts again. But this time, instead of slaying monsters, he spent days hunting for a tiny, incredibly fluffy, and entirely harmless spiritual beast cub. His logic was simple: if he ever bumped into the little snow lotus again, he would properly apologize for terrifying him, offer the cute creature as a peace offering, and hopefully not cause another fainting spell.

An Official Sect Decree

Sometime later, during the next official Peak Lords' meeting, an unexpected announcement was made right in the middle of the solemn assembly.

The Sect Master, backed by a rare nod of agreement from Shen Qingqiu, decreed to the entire room: "If any Peak Lord should accidentally cross paths with the little snow lotus, you must ensure that you do not, under any circumstances, startle or frighten him."

The entire meeting hall immediately fell into a sea of absolute confusion.

All the Peak Lords who had absolutely no context about Shen Yuan’s existence stared blankly at each other, their minds filled with giant question marks. *What on earth is a snow lotus? Why are we protecting a plant's feelings?*

The only exception in the entire room was Mu Qingfang, who sat quietly in his corner, hiding a thoroughly amused, knowing smile behind his sleeve. It seemed the upper echelons of Cang Qiong Mountain Sect had a brand-new, collective mission: protecting the universe's most fragile little brother.

The Doctor’s Preparations

Following the conclusion of that memorable Peak Lords' meeting, Mu Qingfang didn't waste a single moment. He carefully gathered a curated selection of premium spiritual herbs, specifically chosen for their nourishing properties to aid those with chronically weak constitutions. He sealed them neatly into a Qiankun pouch, which he made sure to carry on his person at all times—just in case he happened to cross paths with that mysterious little snow lotus.

And then, one fine day, he finally did.

A Civilized Encounter

Three days after recovering from his miserable fever, Shen Yuan was thoroughly enjoying his well-deserved house arrest. He was blissfully lounging on his sofa, reading a web novel with a neat spreading of snacks and drinks on the coffee table, all while the air conditioner blasted a delightfully icy breeze.

Right as he was getting to the good part of his novel, a polite, calm voice echoed in the room.

"Forgive me for the unannounced intrusion."

Shen Yuan looked up. Standing in his living room was a handsome young man clad in flowing, wood-brown *xianxia* robes. This time, armed with his brother's warnings and mental preparation, Shen Yuan didn't panic at all. In fact, he actually smiled, gesturing warmly for the stranger to take a seat on the single-seater sofa.

The physician introduced himself as Mu Qingfang, and Shen Yuan politely introduced himself in return.

Seeing an opportunity, Mu Qingfang kindly requested to check Shen Yuan's pulse. Driven by pure, unadulterated curiosity about cultivation mechanics, Shen Yuan immediately extended his wrist. As a gentle, cooling wave of spiritual qi flowed into his meridians, Shen Yuan let out a sigh of comfort. It felt amazing.

Mu Qingfang quickly concluded his diagnosis: Shen Yuan's body was naturally weak due to a severely compromised immune system. With a practiced motion, he pulled out a generous bundle of traditional spiritual herbs and offered them to the youth.

Looking at the raw, leafy medicine, Shen Yuan’s face instantly twisted into a grimace. "It's... probably going to taste incredibly bitter, isn't it?"

Mu Qingfang offered a soft, amused smile. So the little snow lotus was afraid of bitter medicine. "Good medicine tastes bitter, as they say."

Shen Yuan nodded sagely, but his inner modern internet troll couldn't help but counter. "Sure, but sweet medicine exists too, you know?"

Before Mu Qingfang could process that statement, Shen Yuan hopped up, retrieved his home first-aid kit, and proudly cracked it open for the Peak Lord's inspection. He eagerly showed off everything from strawberry-flavored liquid fever reducers for children to neatly pressed, easy-to-swallow tablets.

When a Cultivation Doctor Meets Modern Science

Mu Qingfang was utterly fascinated. He realized that this alternative world possessed incredibly diverse manufacturing methods designed solely to make taking medicine an easy, painless experience for patients.

Being the naturally helpful soul that he was, Shen Yuan dashed off to fetch his laptop, intending to pull up articles on pharmaceutical processing and modern medical charts to print out for his guest. However, worried that the ancient doctor would get bored waiting, Shen Yuan grabbed the remote and turned on the television.

By absolute stroke of coincidence, the TV happened to be airing a high-definition medical documentary detailing the intricate structure of the human anatomy.

Mu Qingfang was instantly transfixed. He sat on the edge of his seat, watching the incredibly detailed graphics and listening to the clinical explanations with absolute, breathless focus. Seeing the doctor's intense dedication, Shen Yuan thoughtfully ran back to grab a blank notebook and a sleek ballpoint pen so his guest could take notes.

Mu Qingfang was initially startled by the strange, inkless writing instrument. But once he realized how incredibly smooth it was to use—and more importantly, that it didn't smudge or require an inkstone—he fell completely in love with it.

The Fruits of Knowledge

Several hours flew by in absolute silence until the medical program finally came to an end.

By then, Shen Yuan had managed to compile a comprehensive document full of handwritten explanations, simple machine blueprints for pill-pressing, and basic modern chemical concepts. But the sheer mental exertion of doing actual research had completely drained the fragile youth; Shen Yuan had fallen fast asleep right over his desk.

Mu Qingfang quietly smiled, walked over, and gently draped a soft blanket over the sleeping boy's shoulders.

The Qian Cao Peak Lord stood there for a long moment, admiring the incredible wealth of knowledge contained within the notebook, the marvelous ballpoint pen, and the printouts that would completely revolutionize medicine back home.

But just as he was basking in his academic awe—*blink*.

The modern apartment vanished. When Mu Qingfang opened his eyes, he was sitting right back at his desk in his own infirmary on Qian Cao Peak.

He blinked, looking down at his hands. Resting securely in his lap were the modern notebook, the magical pen, and the detailed blueprints. Mu Qingfang let out a soft, delighted chuckle. The little snow lotus truly was an extraordinary treasure.

The Medical Revolution of Qian Cao Peak

Upon his return, Mu Qingfang wasted absolutely no time in setting his grand plans into motion. He immediately began developing his new line of pharmaceuticals, using the simple blueprints he had received as a reference.

To bring the machinery to life, he paid a visit to Wei Qingwei, the Peak Lord of Wan Jian Peak, who lent his expert crafting skills to forge the world's very first pill-pressing machine—with a few minor cultivation-world adjustments, of course.

Thanks to this brilliant collaboration, three revolutionary forms of medicine were officially born on Qian Cao Peak:

1. **Standard Compressed Tablets:** Compact, easy to store, and quick to swallow.
2. **Medicinal Capsules:** Perfectly concealing any foul, bitter tastes inside a smooth shell.
3. **Fruit-Flavored Effervescent Tablets:** Dissolvable in water, fizzy, and delightfully sweet!

It didn't take long for this incredible medical innovation to take the entire cultivation world by storm, completely changing how cultivators and commoners alike took their treatments.

The Great Pen Mystery

At the very next Peak Lords' meeting, Mu Qingfang proudly presented his new pharmaceutical creations to the assembly, proposing that some of these production methods be shared with the public for the greater good.

But as he laid out his documents, he casually pulled out his prized possession to take notes: the sleek, modern ballpoint pen given to him by Shen Yuan.

Sitting nearby, Shang Qinghua’s eyes immediately bugged out. His modern-day transmigrator soul practically screeched at the sight of the incredibly familiar stationery. Unable to contain himself, he blurted out a frantic question. "Mu-shidi! Where on earth did you get that pen?!"

Mu Qingfang offered a perfectly serene, sweet smile. "The little snow lotus gave it to me."

Shang Qinghua was left utterly, profoundly speechless, his mind completely tangled in a web of confusion. *What kind of answer is that?!* He didn't care about any mystical flora—he just wanted a decent ballpoint pen so he could finally stop dealing with messy ink brushes and endless paperwork!

The Peace Offering

Several weeks went by, and Liu Qingge still hadn't crossed paths with that mysterious person again. However, the Bai Zhan Peak Lord was nothing if not thoroughly prepared. He had already gone out and successfully captured a Dark Moon Hound pup, keeping it healthy and ready to serve as his official apology gift.

Finally, fate decided to give Liu Qingge another chance.

Inside his modern apartment, Shen Yuan had just walked into the kitchen to put away some dirty dishes. The moment he strolled back out into the living room, he froze dead in his tracks.

There, standing right in the middle of his apartment, was Liu Qingge.

Before Shen Yuan’s brain could fully register the shock and trigger another fainting spell, the fluffy Dark Moon Hound pup suddenly leapt out of Liu Qingge's arms. It launched itself directly at Shen Yuan, knocking the fragile youth flat onto his backside on the floor.

The energetic little pup was overly enthusiastic, instantly scrambling onto his chest and frantically trying to lick his face. Tickled by the rough, wet tongue, Shen Yuan couldn't help but let out a flurry of bright giggles. He gently pulled the mischievous creature away from his face to get a proper look at it.

As his eyes scanned the pup's distinct features, his inner hardcore web-novel reader brain kicked into overdrive. By now, Shen Yuan had fully accepted that he was crossing paths with the legendary Peak Lords of Cang Qiong Mountain. And as a reader who absolutely despised the trashy plot of *Proud Immortal Demon Way* but thoroughly adored its intricate world-building, he was utterly captivated by the magical beast in his hands.

Without thinking, he blurted out the exact lore specifications. "A Dark Moon Hound pup?!"

"Mn," Liu Qingge replied softly.

Shen Yuan continued to stroke the little creature's soft fur, his eyes shining with nerdy excitement. "The Dark Moon Hound is a spiritual beast that looks like a miniature version of the Dark Moon Wolf. But unlike the adults, the pups are completely docile, incredibly loyal, and fiercely protective of their owners. They make perfect service animals and companion pets because they're so easy to raise!"

Finishing his impromptu wiki lecture, Shen Yuan finally looked up at the stunningly beautiful man standing before him—the very same man who had once leveled a lethal spiritual sword at his throat.

Liu Qingge cleared his throat lightly, looking slightly uncharacteristic as he spoke. "I brought it for you. I apologize for frightening you last time. It was not my intention."

Shen Yuan blinked. *Hold on. Did the terrifying God of War literally fetch me a mythical, fluffy puppy as a peace offering?!*

The sheer absurdity and unexpected sweetness of it brought a warm, brilliant smile to Shen Yuan's face. He waved his hand dismissively. "It’s totally fine, really! Honestly, I'm just someone who startles way too easily. You don't need to overthink it anymore."

"My name is Liu Qingge."

Shen Yuan blinked again, staring intently at the handsome cultivator. *Liu Qingge? The War God of Bai Zhan Peak? He's actually this insanely gorgeous?!*

But pushing his internal aesthetic crisis aside, Shen Yuan offered another bright, genuine smile. "Nice to meet you. My name is Shen Yuan."

A War God and His New Ribbon

After the smooth introduction, Shen Yuan served a simple tea to his guest. With the energetic puppy still curled comfortably in his lap, he eagerly began asking about the various spiritual beasts Liu Qingge had hunted over the years.

Liu Qingge, surprisingly patient, recounted his tales of vanquishing monsters and subduing beasts. The two of them conversed thoroughly and comfortably, enjoying each other's company until a wave of peaceful exhaustion washed over the War God.

Liu Qingge closed his eyes to rest his vision for just a moment, not entirely asleep but deeply relaxed. As he leaned back, the hair ribbon binding his long hair loose and slipped entirely undone.

Seeing this, Shen Yuan gently set the puppy down on the floor. "Shh, stay quiet, Bingpup," he whispered affectionately, officially naming the little creature on the spot.

Shen Yuan quietly stood up and slipped into the spare bedroom belonging to his younger sister, Shen Ling. After rummaging around, he returned with a hair tie and a ridiculously large, pastel blue-and-white ribbon. Standing behind the resting War God, Shen Yuan carefully combed through Liu Qingge's silky hair, secured it with the elastic band, and then proceeded to tie the giant ribbon into a massive, overly elaborate bow.

The resulting look was an immaculate combination of incredibly cute and utterly hilarious.

Chuckling to himself, Shen Yuan walked back to his sister's room to put away the comb. But by the time he stepped back into the living room, the space was empty. Liu Qingge had vanished into thin air, entirely unaware of the magnificent accessory crowning his head.

The Return of the Bow

At the very next Peak Lords' meeting, the solemn atmosphere of Qiong Ding Peak was shattered once again.

Right in the middle of a serious discussion, a soft, genuine smile broke across Liu Qingge's face as he remembered the pleasant chat and the sound of the boy's bright giggles.

The entire room froze in sheer terror. *The War God is smiling again!*

Predictably, one of the bewildered Peak Lords plucked up the courage to ask what was going on. This time, Liu Qingge replied with absolute, deadpan sincerity, "The snow lotus smiled."

Once again, the vast majority of the Peak Lords who were still completely out of the loop let out a collective, internal *"Huh???"*, their faces twisting into giant question marks.

Seated at the head, Yue Qingyuan merely offered a warm, knowing smile.

Shen Qingqiu frowned deeply behind his paper fan, mentally noting that the brute was getting way too close to his future little brother.

Mu Qingfang simply smiled, shaking his head with a look of fond amusement.

Meanwhile, Wei Qingwei, the Peak Lord of Wan Jian Peak, finally managed to piece the clues together. Realizing that this mysterious "snow lotus" was actually a real, living person, a distinctly mischievous glint flared up in his eyes. It seemed the secret club of the Snow Lotus Protection Squad was about to gain another member.

A Wild Author Appears

Shen Yuan spent the next two weeks living in absolute, idyllic bliss with Bingpup. Naturally, Shen Jiuying had already spotted the new addition to the household. Recognizing that the creature was fiercely loyal to its master and posed absolutely zero danger, the modern CEO simply allowed his younger brother to keep the mystical pet.

Then came another beautiful, perfectly sunny morning.

Shen Yuan was suddenly pulled from his slumber by a chaotic symphony of fierce barking from Bingpup and the desperate, pathetic whimpering of a grown man.

Blinking the sleep from his eyes, Shen Yuan sat up to witness a truly bizarre spectacle unfolded right beside his bed.

Sitting on the floor, looking entirely disheveled and sobbing his heart out as Bingpup aggressively nipped at his ankles, was a small man clad in bright yellow cultivation robes.

Shen Yuan reached over, drawing back the curtains to let the morning sunlight flood the room before taking a proper look at the intruder. The face was entirely unfamiliar, but the distinct color and style of the robes practically screamed the identity of the An Ding Peak Lord.

"Shang Qinghua?"

Hearing his name, the sobbing mess looked up through a veil of tears. "Shen-shixiong?!"

Shen Yuan furrowed his brows. "I'm not Shen Qingqiu. My name is Shen Yuan."

The Great Confrontation

Shang Qinghua blinked, wiping his tears as he finally got a clear, proper look at Shen Yuan's face. His gaze then drifted past the youth, taking in the surrounding bedroom—which was utterly packed to the brim with limited-edition figurines, oversized posters, and mountains of official merchandise from *Proud Immortal Demon Way*.

Shang Qinghua’s jaw dropped. "Are you... a fan of my novel?"

Shen Yuan’s eyebrow twitched dangerously. "Your novel?"

"Yes, yes! Ah, my life has been so incredibly bitter!" Shang Qinghua wailed, instantly triggering his innate tendency to overshare. "The moment I finally finished writing that trashy ending, I stupidly spilled instant ramen all over my laptop, got electrocuted to death on the spot, and transmigrated into the world of my own book as Shang Qinghua!"

The moment those words left the author's mouth, the atmosphere in the bedroom drastically shifted.

Shen Yuan didn't say another word. With the speed and precision of a seasoned martial artist, he snatched up his oversized, life-sized Luo Binghe body pillow and began ruthlessly beating the absolute crap out of the wretched author.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

"You absolute hack of a writer!" Shen Yuan roared, unleashing a barrage of creative, colorful curses with every single strike of the plush pillow. "How dare you write such a garbage ending! Do you have any idea how much money I spent on your trash?!"

As he was being mercilessly pummeled by his own protagonist's merchandise, the realization finally struck Shang Qinghua like a lightning bolt.

This face... this ungodly amount of merchandise... this endless, poetic stream of highly specific, aggressive insults...

"Peerless Cucumber?!" Shang Qinghua shrieked in pure terror.

The legendary number-one fan? His most notorious, terrifying, and faithful anti-fan in existence?!

Once the initial round of violent pillow-smacking finally subsided and Shang Qinghua was thoroughly bruised but alive, the two modern souls finally sat down to have a proper, long-overdue chat.

A Return to Civilization

After a chaotic session of venting and gossiping, the disgruntled reader and the pathetic author finally calmed down. Shen Yuan, being a practical young master, immediately hopped onto a same-day delivery app and ordered a set of casual modern clothes for Airplane. Shedding his yellow An Ding robes, Shang Qinghua transformed back into a regular, everyday modern guy.

"Let's go shopping," Shen Yuan offered.

Having been trapped in the ancient, paperwork-heavy *xianxia* world for years, Shang Qinghua practically wept with joy and agreed instantly. Oh, how he missed the beautiful, comforting embrace of modern civilization!

Shen Yuan put in a call to the family mansion, requesting a private car and chauffeur to pick them up. When asked where he wanted to go, Shang Qinghua desperately declared that his soul needed to visit a modern supermarket.

Upon arriving, Shen Yuan trailed behind the author, watching in sheer second-hand embarrassment as Shang Qinghua practically threw himself at the shelves. The man was violently cramming the shopping cart with endless packs of instant ramen, mountains of snacks, and stacks of cheap stationery.

Shen Yuan stared at him with the ultimate judging look—the exact look one reserves for a clueless bumpkin experiencing a big city for the very first time. Yet, despite his silent sighs, the generous young master still pulled out his card and paid for the entire hoard anyway.

With a generous tip to a couple of helpful store employees, the massive grocery haul was securely loaded into the trunk of the Shen family car.

The Luxury Stationery Run

Next, Shen Yuan dragged Shang Qinghua into a high-end, boutique stationery store. He bypassed the cheap ballpoints and began meticulously selecting premium fountain pens, elegant brush-tip pens, and top-tier ink sets.

Shang Qinghua watched the expensive items pile up, his jaw slack. "Bro Cucumber, why on earth are you buying so many luxury sets?"

Shen Yuan didn't even look up from inspecting a gold-plated nib. "I need you to act as a courier. Pass these along to Mu Qingfang, Shen Qingqiu, and Yue Qingyuan. One set each."

Shang Qinghua blinked rapidly, pointing a finger at his own chest. "And what about mine?!"

Shen Yuan finally paused, giving him a flat, incredibly judgmental side-eye. "Didn't you just grab a mountain of cheap ones back at the supermarket?"

Shang Qinghua whimpered, giving him the most pathetic, puppy-dog eyes he could muster.

Defeated by the pure, unadulterated sad-sack energy radiating off the author, Shen Yuan let out a heavy sigh, rolled his eyes, and threw an extra luxury pen set into the basket for him anyway.

The Grand Shopping Spree

Next, Shang Qinghua eagerly dragged Shen Yuan toward the budget fashion section, eyeing the cheap, mass-produced clothing. Shen Yuan, however, immediately laid down the law. He only allowed the author to pick out a few basic pajamas and casual lounge sets, firmly cutting him off because he planned to take the man to Mama Shen's high-end fashion studio next.

After getting Shang Qinghua a proper wardrobe upgrade from the studio, the duo wrapped up their morning with a massive lunch at Haidilao. Tucked away in a cozy private dining room with a double-flavored hot pot bubbling before them, the "Cumplane" duo gossiped and complained to their hearts' content.

In the afternoon, they hit up a mega-mall to check out the electronics department.

Shang Qinghua stared at the shiny new gadgets with pure, unadulterated longing. Sadly, he could only look, not buy. Even if he could technically solve the power issue back in the cultivation world by using portable generators or heavy-duty power banks... what was the point? There was no internet in ancient China! (╥﹏╥)

A Farewell to the Modern World

To heal the author's deeply shattered soul over the tragic lack of Wi-Fi in the *xianxia* realm, Shen Yuan thoughtfully dragged him to Starbucks for some afternoon coffee, tea, and a massive slice of cake. The sugar high worked like a charm, and Shang Qinghua's mood quickly bounced right back up.

By the time they returned to Shen Yuan's apartment, all of their shopping bags had been safely brought up to the living room.

Lounging around, the two of them continued to casually chat and nitpick about the lore of *Proud Immortal Demon Way* while meticulously sorting their massive haul. They neatly packed the modern goods into different categorized Qiankun pouches—separating the snacks, the luxury pens, and the clothes.

The very second the last zipper on the last pouch clicked shut—*poof!*

Shang Qinghua vanished into thin air, leaving behind an empty couch.

Shen Yuan merely blinked, entirely unfazed. By now, he was completely used to his living room acting as a cosmic revolving door.

The Logistics King’s New Rewards

Shang Qinghua popped back into existence at Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, feeling absolutely over the moon. He carefully placed his own luxury stationery set on his desk like a prized trophy, while dumping the mountain of cheap supermarket pens into a handy basket for everyday use.

Being the incredibly efficient (and lazy) peak lord that he was, he immediately started handing out those cheap ballpoint pens as special rewards to the disciples who handled their paperwork exceptionally well. To no one's surprise, the magical, ink-well-free writing instruments instantly became a legendary innovation that the An Ding disciples absolutely obsessed over!

With his office morale thoroughly boosted, Shang Qinghua set off to deliver the luxury gifts to Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu, and Mu Qingfang respectively.

The Pitcher Plant Theory

When he finally dropped off the package at Qian Cao Peak, Shang Qinghua couldn't help but strike up a casual conversation with the resident physician.

"You know, Mu-shidi, I finally met that so-called 'little snow lotus' of yours," Shang Qinghua sighed, leaning against a counter. "But if you ask me, I think he's far more of a pitcher plant than a snow lotus."

Mu Qingfang let out a soft chuckle, highly amused by the description. "And why is that, Shang-shixiong?"

Shang Qinghua shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. "Well, he looks perfectly fine and elegant on the outside, but underneath it all, he’s basically a carnivorous plant! His personality is entirely made up of aggressive nagging, constant complaining, and a fierce habit of beating people up—honestly, he's just like Shen-shixiong. The only real difference is that he does it with absolutely no malicious intent or true malice behind it."

Mu Qingfang offered a gentle, curious smile. "The rest of us have only crossed paths with him once at most. How can Shang-shixiong be so completely certain that this is his true nature?"

Shang Qinghua shook his head with a knowing grin. "Ah, Shen Yuan and I go way back. Even though that was technically the very first time we've met face-to-face in the flesh, I already know his overall personality like the back of my hand."

"Hmm..." Mu Qingfang’s eyes gleamed with fascination. "How deeply intriguing."

The Little Sister’s Whim

Shen Yuan managed to enjoy another blissful, peaceful week of lounging around with Bingpup. But his tranquility was destined to be short-lived.

Late one morning, his youngest sister, Shen Ling, bounced into his apartment for a surprise visit. As absolute cosmic luck would have it, this was the exact moment Shen Qingqiu decided to materialize for another visit.

Seeing the two identical faces in the same room, Shen Ling’s eyes lit up with sheer delight. Mistaking the ancient Peak Lord for her second brother, she clapped her hands happily. "Oh, perfect! Both of my brothers are hanging out together!"

Before either of them could protest, she cheerfully grabbed Shen Yuan (who was, fortunately, dressed in proper public clothes this time) and Shen Qingqiu, dragging them both out the door and straight toward her drama filming set.

During the car ride, Shen Ling chatted away at a mile a minute. Shen Qingqiu, completely out of his depth but determined to maintain his dignified composure, simply nodded along smoothly, casually agreeing to whatever she said regardless of whether his ancient brain actually understood her modern slang.

The Peak Lord of Fashion Critique

Upon arriving at the bustling filming set, Shen Ling greeted the crew before ushering her two "brothers" to sit in premium chairs right beside the stage to watch her work.

As she prepared for her scene, Shen Qingqiu scrutinized her acting wardrobe with a highly critical eye. His gaze locked onto the costume she was wearing for the historical drama, and his lips thinned in distaste. The fabric was dreadfully cheap, the embroidery was shoddy, and the tailoring was completely inaccurate.

With a soft scoff at the absolute lack of quality, Shen Qingqiu casually reached into his wide sleeves, dug into his spatial storage, and pulled out a stunning, historically accurate robe in the exact same color palette. He handed it over to Shen Ling without a word.

Shen Ling gasped as she touched the silk. The fabric felt like pure luxury—infinitely better than the studio’s props! Eagerly running over to the director, she batted her eyelashes and asked if she could change into it. A few minutes later, she emerged looking like an actual, breathtaking immortal, completely rocking the genuine Peak Lord apparel.

An Unexpected Casting Call

The two Shens sat side-by-side in their chairs, watching the filming continue in comfortable silence.

However, the director's eyes kept wandering away from the camera and drifting toward the sidelines. He stared at the two men sitting there—both possessing shockingly handsome, identical faces, one carrying an aura of scholarly modern elegance, and the other radiating the untouchable, icy grace of a literal immortal deity.

The director's creative genius practically exploded. *This is it! The perfect cameo!*

Oozing with excitement, the director immediately rushed over to pitch a sudden script addition to Shen Ling. Hearing the idea, Shen Ling's eyes turned into sparkling saucers.

She turned around and marched straight toward Shen Yuan and Shen Qingqiu, a sweet but utterly terrifying smile plastered on her face as she prepared to use the ultimate weapon: sibling coercion.

Lights, Camera, Xianxia!

Through a masterclass of intense sibling coercion, the two Shens found themselves officially cast as minor background characters in the drama.

Shen Qingqiu—who was already conveniently wearing his authentic *xianxia* robes—was given the role of a mysterious, untouchable immortal grandmaster. Meanwhile, Shen Yuan was cast as the frail older brother of the female lead (played by Shen Ling). According to the newly fabricated script, the brother would travel the world, cross paths with the mysterious grandmaster, and beg to be taken in as a disciple.

Eventually, after finishing his cultivation studies, the brother would return home to his sister. But tragedy strikes in a later scene: the brother is brutally slain by a demon. On that fateful day, the mysterious grandmaster sweeps in to rescue the sister and revenge the brother, leading to a dramatic plot twist where it is revealed that all three of them were actually long-lost biological siblings all along! It was a classic, slightly tragic, bitter-sweet season finale cliffhanger.

Before the cameras started rolling, Shen Yuan dragged Shen Qingqiu to a quiet corner for a frantic crash-course briefing. He carefully explained modern filming terminology: "If the director yells *'Cut!'*, it means the scene is finished and you stop moving. Got it?"

Shen Qingqiu merely raised an eyebrow. Recognizing that his future younger brother couldn't possibly act in modern streetwear, he graciously fished out a plain, standard set of robes from his spatial storage for Shen Yuan to change into. He also provided proper, official Qing Jing Peak disciple uniforms for the flashback training scenes.

To everyone's surprise, the three of them actually had a blast acting together. The filming proceeded flawlessly, wrapping up in record time without a single hitch.

The Multi-Verse Double Booking

True to her word, the moment the director officially wrapped up the shoot, Shen Ling declared she was treating her "brothers" to a grand dinner. And of course, the chosen cuisine was none other than hot pot again! (≧▽≦)

But Shen Ling wasn't done playing coordinator. While heading to the restaurant, she decided to ring up their eldest brother, Shen Xixuan, to invite him along. "Da-ge! You should totally join us for dinner. Er-ge is already with me right now!"

On the other side of the city, Shen Xixuan blinked, holding his phone to his ear. He slowly turned his head to look at the *actual* modern Er-ge, Shen Jiuying, who had just walked into the room after finishing a long day at the corporate office.

"I see," Shen Xixuan said smoothly into the phone. "We will be there shortly."

Hanging up the call, he looked at Shen Jiuying. The two reincarnated souls shared a silent, intensely confused look. If the real second brother was currently standing right here in the office... then who on earth was hanging out with their little siblings at the filming set?

The Ultimate Family Reunion

A short while later, the party assembled at the private room of the hot pot restaurant.

Shen Ling stood in the center of the room, her brain completely short-circuiting as she stared back and forth. Standing on one side were her eldest brother, Shen Xixuan, and her second brother, Shen Jiuying. Standing on the other side were Shen Yuan and... another, identical Shen Jiuying dressed in majestic ancient robes.

Seeing the sheer, unadulterated confusion threatening to break his sister's mind, the modern CEO, Shen Jiuying, stepped forward with a perfectly straight face. "Ling-er, don't be alarmed. This is Shen Qingqiu. He is our long-lost identical twin brother who was unfortunately stolen from us at birth."

Amazingly, Shen Ling didn't question the incredibly sketchy, soap-opera-esque explanation for even a second. Her eyes went wide with pure joy. "Wow! So I have *another* big brother now?!"

With the crisis averted by a shameless lie, the atmosphere at the dinner table quickly turned into a heartwarming, lively affair. Surrounded by the warmth of a loving family and shielded from the usual cutthroat politics of the cultivation world, Shen Qingqiu found himself feeling exceptionally at peace. He even ate significantly more food than usual, thoroughly enjoying the delicious broth and the genuine company.

Once the feast concluded and they finally made their way back to Shen Yuan’s apartment, Shen Qingqiu offered a rare, soft nod of farewell to his modern counterparts. And with a quiet *poof*, he vanished back into his own realm, leaving the modern Shen family with one unforgettable memory.

A Wild Protagonist Appears!

The following week, Shen Yuan was lounging comfortably on his couch, half-watching television while casually scratching Bingpup behind the ears. Right on cue, the apartment's cosmic revolving door activated once again.

But this time, it wasn't a powerful, high-and-mighty Peak Lord materializing in his living room.

Instead, it was a tiny, pitiable child, completely drenched from head to toe in steaming hot tea that had clearly just been poured over his head.

Shen Yuan stared in absolute horror. His hardcore web-novel reader brain instantly identified the iconic, tragically abused protagonist of *Proud Immortal Demon Way*. Snapping out of his shock, he dashed to the bathroom, grabbed a plush towel, and rushed back to meticulously dry the poor kid off.

With practiced gentleness, Shen Yuan offered soft, soothing words, rubbing the boy's back until the child's frantic sobbing finally began to subside.

The Face of Terror

Once the little Luo Binghe managed to calm down and stop shaking, he timidly raised his head to look at his savior.

The moment his tear-filled eyes locked onto Shen Yuan’s face—the exact spitting image of his cruel, terrifying new *Shizun*—the poor boy stiffened in pure, unadulterated terror. He looked like he was about to faint on the spot.

Recognizing the trauma in those giant puppy-dog eyes, Shen Yuan acted quickly. Remaining completely calm, he gave the boy a gentle, reassuring pat on the head, softening his expression. Coaxing him with a warm smile, he guided the trembling child into the bathroom for a proper, hot bath.

What followed was a masterclass in ultimate pampering. Shen Yuan thoroughly spoiled the tiny protagonist, giving him a warm bath, gently combing out his messy curls, and treating him to a mountain of delicious, high-quality modern food.

The Ultimate Upgrade

Having never experienced such profound kindness in his entire miserable life, Luo Binghe’s mood drastically pulled a full 180-degree turn. The delicious food and warm blankets completely melted his heart.

Looking up at the gentle, doting youth before him, a terrifyingly intense sense of attachment bloomed within the little protagonist's soul. In that exact moment, Luo Binghe silently made an executive decision: *This* magnificent, sweet person was his true *Shizun* now. The mean guy back at Qing Jing Peak? Completely demoted!

Furthermore, a highly bizarre phenomenon seemed to establish itself between their worlds. From that day forward, the small Luo Binghe possessed a very special privilege: every single day, without fail, he would suddenly vanish from his harsh reality and be whisked away to Shen Yuan’s cozy apartment, spending a few blissful hours being thoroughly spoiled before safely returning home.

The tragic protagonist's dark, angsty path was officially derailed by a mountain of modern snacks and infinite headpats.

The Secretly Overpowered Protagonist

Because Luo Binghe usually materialized in the modern apartment in the evening and only vanished back to his world the following morning, he practically never had to spend another miserable night sleeping in the drafty woodshed back at Qing Jing Peak.

Despite the endless bullying from his fellow disciples, his actual quality of life had skyrocketed to an absurd degree.

For instance, when he tearfully complained to Shen Yuan about the mountain of firewood he was forced to chop every single day, Shen Yuan didn't even blink. He simply hopped online and bought a portable, rechargeable electric chainsaw for the boy. Armed with modern power tools, Luo Binghe was able to clear his daily chores in seconds, leaving his bullies completely baffled by his god-like wood-chopping speed.

Furthermore, when the young protagonist brought over his fake, sabotaged cultivation manual to ask for guidance, Shen Yuan’s inner web-novel critic instantly recognized the trap. He confiscating the dangerous text on the spot and casually handed him a completely authentic, high-tier manual instead.

Luo Binghe had furrowed his brows slightly when he flipped the book open, noticing the distinctive, somewhat messy handwriting belonging to Shang Qinghua. But knowledge was knowledge, and under Shen Yuan's guidance, his actual cultivation began to skyrocket in secret.

Best of all, almost every single night, the tiny protagonist got the ultimate, exclusive privilege of curling up and hugging his beloved Shizun(?) to sleep. Meanwhile, the rest of the Cang Qiong Mountain Peak Lords continued to take turns popping into the apartment week after week, completely unaware of the domestic bliss happening behind their backs.

The Intruder in the Closet

One evening, while Shen Yuan was taking a relaxing shower, Luo Binghe found himself left completely unattended in the bedroom.

His naturally sharp, protagonist instincts kicked in, drawing his attention toward the mysterious, cloth-covered frames lining the walls. Unable to contain his bubbling curiosity, the little white lotus snuck over, carefully lifted the fabric, and peeked underneath.

His eyes immediately locked onto the massive, high-definition posters.

Luo Binghe stared blankly at the larger-than-life images of a devastatingly handsome, incredibly powerful, and unholy majestic dark lord. The man in the illustrations possessed an aura of absolute dark authority, looking like a god of destruction.

The little boy's mind immediately plunged into a state of profound, anxious bewilderment. He crossed his arms, his tiny forehead creasing into deep, dark lines as a dark thought began to brew inside his soul.

Who on earth is this man? he thought jealously. *And exactly why is Shizun practically worshiping(?) this strange person in his private room?!*

Little did the future Demon Lord know, he was currently throwing a massive, existential temper tantrum over his own adult, blackened fan-art.

Notes :

Note 1 (Regarding the room): Shen Yuan had meticulously rearranged his entire bedroom, making sure to firmly drape thick, opaque cloths over all of his posters. He was absolutely determined to never, under any circumstances, allow the young Luo Binghe to layout eyes on those horrific, spoiler-heavy illustrations of his future demon self. Too bad his protagonist's curiosity was entirely uncontainable!

The Author and the Protagonist

When the day finally arrived for Shang Qinghua's next scheduled visit to the modern world, Shen Yuan pulled out all the stops. The two of them spent the entire day gossiping like old ladies, heading out to catch a blockbuster movie in a luxury theater, and finally picking up a massive, premium seafood feast from a high-end restaurant to take home.

The moment they stepped back into the apartment, they were greeted by the sight of a tiny Luo Binghe, who had just materialized right on schedule.

Shang Qinghua’s face instantly twisted into a bizarre, knowing smirk. He immediately grabbed Shen Yuan by the shoulder, dragging him into the kitchen for a frantic, hushed whisper-argument.

"Bro! Why the hell didn't you tell me my precious son could travel here too?!"

Shen Yuan rolled his eyes so hard he nearly saw his own brain. "Are you stupid? Why else do you think I asked you for that authentic cultivation manual a few weeks ago?"

"I thought you wanted to cultivate it yourself!" Shang Qinghua hissed back defensively.

"Hmph! As if my fragile body could handle that," Shen Yuan scoffed, waving a hand dismissively before joking casually, "Though, honestly, if you could fetch me a *Mystic Glass Heart* and an *Immortal Vine*, that would probably be enough to extend my lifespan and freeze my aging process nicely."

Shang Qinghua nodded sagely, completely missing the sarcasm. "Deal. I'll see what I can do to hunt those down for you."

True to his word as the ultimate, easily swayed author, Shang Qinghua would later completely abuse his position back home. He would literally badger the terrifying War God Liu Qingge into hunting down a lethal Mystic Glass Beast, and he would personally raid the sect's private reserves just to purchase a legendary Immortal Fruit for his favorite anti-fan.

Pure, Unadulterated Sibling Envy

Once their top-secret kitchen conference concluded, the odd trio sat down around the coffee table to enjoy the magnificent seafood feast together.

Eventually, the clock struck the hour for Shang Qinghua's departure. As the familiar, cosmic magical pull began to envelop him, preparing to yank his soul back to An Ding Peak, he instinctively looked over at Luo Binghe, expecting the boy to vanish alongside him.

But the tiny protagonist didn't budge. In fact, Luo Binghe was currently sitting cross-legged on the rug, blissfully munching on a giant tiger prawn while snuggling contentedly against Shen Yuan's leg. He had absolutely zero intention of leaving.

As Shang Qinghua's body began to fade into sparkles, a horrific, soul-crushing realization finally hit him.

Wait a damn minute... don't tell me my own protagonist gets to be raised in this air-conditioned, luxury paradise every single day while I'm stuck doing endless ancient logistics paperwork?!

"This is completely unfair!!!" Shang Qinghua wailed at the top of his lungs, his voice echoing in pure, unadulterated jealousy right as he vanished completely into thin air.

The Grand Master's Soft Spot

After Luo Binghe vanished back to his own world early one morning, Sect Master Yue Qingyuan materialized right on cue during the bright afternoon. This time, with no fevers or

chaotic misunderstandings in the way, the two of them got a perfectly clear, proper look at one another.

Shen Yuan blinked rapidly, staring at the gentle leader of Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, before blurting out a highly specific question. "In that case... what exactly should I call you?"

Yue Qingyuan instantly understood the deeper meaning behind the question, his heart melting a little at the youth's consideration. Offering a warm, deeply affectionate smile, he replied, "Then, you may call me Qi-ge."

A bright grin broke across Shen Yuan's face. Now that the official title had been locked in, he didn't hesitate for a single second. "Qi-ge!~"

What followed was a wonderfully peaceful afternoon. The two of them sat down for several rounds of Go, sipping premium tea and munching on snacks while enjoying a comfortable chat. During their game, Yue Qingyuan casually pulled out a beautifully crafted Qiankun pouch and pushed it across the table. He explained that he had specially prepared it for Shen Yuan, and that the youth could use whatever treasures were inside entirely at his own whim.

Shen Yuan beamed, offering a polite bow of gratitude. "Thank you, Qi-ge."

The Premiere of the Century

Right at that moment, Shen Yuan’s smartphone suddenly blurted to life. It was a call from his youngest sister, Shen Ling. The moment he pressed answer, her excited voice practically exploded through the speaker, announcing that the historical drama they had all randomly filmed together was officially premiering on television right now!

Hanging up the phone, Shen Yuan flashed a sweet, mischievous smile at the ancient Sect Master. He grabbed the remote, clicked the television on, and warmly invited Yue Qingyuan to watch the show with him.

The two of them sat side-by-side, thoroughly enjoying (?) the broadcast. Yue Qingyuan watched in absolute, mesmerized silence as the glowing modern box displayed moving images of his martial brother, Shen Qingqiu, playing an untouchable immortal grandmaster, while Shen Yuan played his tragically doomed disciple.

As the credits rolled, Shen Yuan casually glanced over and noticed the intensely complicated, longing look in Yue Qingyuan’s eyes whenever Shen Qingqiu appeared on screen.

Leaning back against the sofa cushions, Shen Yuan decided to drop a little bit of meta-knowledge advice. "You know, Qi-ge... you really ought to just tell Shen Qingqiu the truth about why you didn't make it back to him that day."

Yue Qingyuan stiffened slightly, utterly baffled as to how this modern youth could possibly know about the deepest, darkest guilt of his past. Yet, looking at Shen Yuan's pure, well-

meaning expression, he chose not to press for answers, letting out a soft, bittersweet sigh instead.

Notes :

Note 1 (Regarding the Merchandise Hoard): Sometime later, after the historical drama became an absolute nationwide mega-hit, Shen Yuan secretly used his family's corporate connections to manufacture a custom line of official merchandise. He ruthlessly bought up every single piece of high-end memorabilia featuring Shen Qingqiu's character, stuffed them all into a heavy-duty Qiankun pouch, and happily gifted it to Yue Qingyuan as a special surprise. (◍•ᴗ•◍)

Note 2 (Regarding Shen Qingqiu's Reaction): If Shen Qingqiu ever happens to raid Yue Qingyuan's hidden stash and sees those items, he is going to instantly recognize his own face stamped all over modern fan merchandise from that chaotic day he played actor with Shen Yuan and Shen Ling!

The Crying Protagonist and the Jade Market

One evening, Luo Binghe arrived at the apartment sobbing his tiny heart out. Shen Yuan's paternal instincts instantly flared up with deep pity; he pulled the weeping boy into a warm, comforting hug to soothe him. Even without the boy uttering a single word, Shen Yuan already knew the exact reason behind those tears—the tragic plot point where his mother's precious jade pendant goes missing.

Determined to cheer his little white lotus up, Shen Yuan decided it was time for some retail therapy. He grabbed his car keys and took Luo Binghe to the city's grand, 24-hour wholesale jade market.

To take the boy's mind off his grief, Shen Yuan guided him from stall to stall, telling him to pick out one raw, uncut jade boulder that he liked from each shop. Shen Yuan flashed a sweet, affluent smile, swiping his black card with absolute nonchalance. The shopkeepers were practically vibrating with joy, bowing and scraping before this incredibly wealthy young master who had suddenly graced their doorsteps.

For the fun of it, Shen Yuan tossed a few random stones he picked out into their shopping cart as well. As Luo Binghe sifted through the rough stones, the grief of his lost pendant gradually melted away, replaced by the sheer excitement of the game. Seeing his precious little lamb finally smiling again, Shen Yuan didn't care about the cost for a single second. In fact, he bought so many massive boulders that the grateful merchants banded together to offer a special promotion: they would let them pick one premium, highly sought-after raw stone completely for free.

Shen Yuan graciously handed the opportunity to Luo Binghe. "Go ahead, Binghe. Pick whichever one you want."

Breaking the Casino

Once the selection was complete, the duo headed straight to the market's public stone-cutting station. A massive crowd of curious onlookers and rival merchants quickly gathered around, eager to watch the spectacle of a rich young master blowing his family fortune on raw rocks.

Then, the cutting began.

Whirrrrr—clack!

As the stones were sliced open one by one, the entire market fell into a dead, suffocating silence. Every single stone Luo Binghe touched revealed flawless, top-tier jade inside. From vibrant imperial green to icy mutton-fat white, the cart was a literal jackpot.

Standing behind the crowd, Shen Yuan hid a smug, deeply satisfied smirk behind the elegant fan he had received from Yue Qingyuan. Meanwhile, Luo Binghe's jaw hit the floor. He stared at his hands in utter disbelief, completely unaware of how broken his own luck truly was. Shen Yuan simply chuckled and patted the boy's head.

The shopkeepers, who had initially gloated about making a massive profit off the rich kid, were now clutching their chests in pure, unadulterated agony. *Where on earth did this young master come from?! What kind of monstrous luck is this?!* The few rocks the young master picked himself turned out to be premium grade, and the rocks the little kid picked were *all* flawless jackpots! This wasn't a shopping spree—this was a targeted robbery of their entire inventory! This was insane!

Before the crowd could stage a riot, Shen Yuan casually pulled an empty Qiankun pouch from his pocket, swept the entire mountain of priceless, glowing jade inside, and happily strolled back home with a bouncing Luo Binghe.

In the weeks that followed, rumors spread like wildfire across the city that a literal God of Fortune had descended upon the market. The marketplace became an overnight tourist sensation, booming with unprecedented prosperity.

Notes :

Note 1 (The Abandoned Stones): On that fateful day, the merchants decided to crack open the exact raw stones that Luo Binghe had hesitated over before putting back. To their absolute shock, every single one of those rejected rocks was also filled with ultra-rare jade. The shopkeepers secretly began worshiping the mysterious little boy as a legendary deity sent to revitalize their market—a holy status Luo Binghe would safely never know about.

Note 2 (Shen Yuan's Master Plan): Shen Yuan completely used the protagonist's overpowered, broken luck (The Ultimate Protagonist Halo) just for a casual, petty day of gambling on rocks. Never underestimate a hardcore web-novel reader's ability to exploit the system!

The Hidden Treasure of the Bamboo Forest

And of course, Shen Yuan was not about to let his precious protagonist's canon suffering continue unnecessarily. The very next time he crossed paths with Shang Qinghua (or perhaps it was Mu Qingfang), he casually pulled them aside to issue a highly specific rescue mission.

He tasked them with heading straight into the Qing Jing Peak bamboo forest to look up at the tree branches, where a certain cheap jade pendant was currently snagged. After all, as a hardcore reader who knew the novel inside and out, Shen Yuan vividly remembered the exact paragraph explaining where the damn thing had flown off to!

Because the young Luo Binghe and Ning Yingying had spent all their time crying and desperately searching the muddy ground, they had completely missed it. Thanks to Shen Yuan’s meta-knowledge, the pendant was safely retrieved and brought to the modern world. However, instead of returning it right away, Shen Yuan decided to lock it away in a drawer. He would wait until Luo Binghe grew up and became a bit more responsible before handing it back, ensuring the clumsy little white lotus wouldn't go and lose it a second time.

The Young Master’s Artisan Era

With a mountain of priceless, jackpot jade currently sitting in his living room, Shen Yuan suddenly felt a wave of artistic inspiration. One afternoon, he turned to his second brother, the corporate CEO Shen Jiuying. "Er-ge, do you know how to carve jade? If you do, can you teach me?"

As it turned out, the multi-talented older brother was indeed skilled in the traditional craft. Under Shen Jiuying's patient, step-by-step guidance, Shen Yuan rolled up his sleeves and began hacking away at the massive hoard of premium jade he had completely cleaned out from the wholesale market.

What followed was a slow, painstaking process of trial and error. But through sheer dedication (and a lot of expensive raw materials to burn through), Shen Yuan finally mastered the art of jade carving. He began meticulously crafting custom gifts for his favorite, chaotic transdimensional guests, matching each piece to their specific needs:

- **For Luo Binghe:** A flawless, exquisitely carved Guanyin amulet made from the finest solid jade, meant to serve as a proper, high-end protection charm.
- **For Shen Qingqiu:** An elegant, pristine jade pendant complete with a silk tassel, perfectly designed to clip onto his favorite paper fans.
- **For Yue Qingyuan:** A majestic, dignified jade waist pendant, fitting for the grand Sect Master of Cang Qiong Mountain.
- **For Mu Qingfang:** A delicate, sleek bookmark adorned with a beautiful tassel and a miniature carved jade charm, perfect for his ancient medical texts.
- **For Shang Qinghua:** A solid, official-looking jade stamp seal—mostly so the poor, overworked Logistics King could stamp his endless mountain of paperwork in style.

- **For Liu Qingge:** A fierce, brilliantly polished jade sword-tassel charm, strong enough to withstand the violent spiritual energy of the Bai Zhan War God.

Armed with his newly acquired artisan skills, Shen Yuan was officially ready to become the ultimate, most heavily invested sugar-daddy benefactor of the entire cultivation world.

The Grand Jade Flex

At the next mandatory Peak Lords' meeting on Qiong Ding Peak, a silent, psychological war was about to unfold.

Because everyone had crossed paths with their mysterious modern benefactor at completely different times, they hadn't realized they were all receiving custom-made gifts. But today, by pure, unadulterated coincidence, every single one of them had decided to bring their prized possession out for a spin.

The air in the grand hall was thick with a sudden, competitive urge to flex.

Sect Master Yue Qingyuan made his grand entrance, casually adjusting his robes to ensure the majestic, flawlessly carved jade waist pendant was hanging prominently under the sunlight for everyone to see.

Not to be outdone, Shen Qingqiu sat gracefully in his seat, elegantly snapping open his paper fan with a sharp *clack*. He deliberately let the pristine jade fan-tassel sway back and forth in slow motion, catching the eye of anyone looking his way.

Across the room, the terrifying War God Liu Qingge slammed his legendary Cheng Luan sword onto the table. Attached to the hilt was a brilliantly polished jade sword-tassel charm, radiating dense spiritual energy and practically screaming for attention.

Meanwhile, Shang Qinghua silently slunk to his seat, carefully placing a massive, gleaming solid-jade stamp seal right on the center of his desk, positioning it as if it were the most casual thing in the world.

Even the usually modest and peaceful physician, Mu Qingfang, was sitting there with a fond smile, delicately twirling a sleek, high-end bookmark adorned with a beautiful jade charm and silk tassel between his fingers.

The Unspoken Confusions

The remaining Peak Lords who were still completely excluded from the "Snow Lotus Club" sat in their respective seats, staring around the room in absolute, wide-eyed bewilderment.

The atmosphere was utterly bizarre. *What on earth is happening today?* they thought, their minds filled with giant question marks. *Why is everyone suddenly obsessed with aggressively*

flaunting their luxury jade accessories?!

The silent tension of flexing reached an all-time high, with each of the five smug owners firmly believing that *their* gift from the lovely modern youth was obviously the superior one.

The War God’s Crash Landing

The peaceful days rolled by smoothly until one fateful afternoon, when the apartment's cosmic revolving door glitched in the worst way possible.

Liu Qingge suddenly materialized right in the middle of Shen Yuan's living room. But something was horribly wrong—his spiritual energy was wildly volatile, his face was flushed with deadly heat, and his eyes bloodshot. He was in the middle of a full-blown qi deviation!

Panicking, Shen Yuan rushed forward to catch the stumbling War God. Even as his mind fractured from the chaotic spiritual backwash, Liu Qingge’s survival instincts screamed at him to restrain his immense power, desperately fighting his own body to ensure he wouldn't accidentally pulverize the fragile modern youth in his arms.

Seeing the muscle-brained cultivator struggling, Shen Yuan’s survival instincts kicked into overdrive. Remembering the contingency plan he had prepped for a rainy day, he reached into his drawer, whipped out a heavy-duty tranquilizer dart, and ruthlessly stabbed it right into Liu Qingge’s neck.

Thwack!

The mighty War God blinked once in utter betrayal, before his eyes rolled back and he knocked out cold on the spot.

Modern Medicine and Spiritual Sickness

With a sigh of relief, a thoroughly bewildered Shen Yuan began to administer first aid. He dug through his stash of magical emergency pills that he had previously begged Mu Qingfang for, shoving a couple down Liu Qingge’s throat before dragging the heavy, dead-weight muscle mass of a man onto the living room sofa.

However, because this was the modern world and the local atmosphere lacked dense spiritual Qi to properly regulate a cultivator's body, the mighty War God's qi deviation manifested as a shockingly human, high-grade fever.

Shen Yuan ended up playing nurse all afternoon, continuously wiping down the sweaty Bai Zhan Peak Lord with a damp towel.

By the time evening arrived, the tiny protagonist Luo Binghe materialized right on schedule. Seeing his beloved Shizun(?) doting on a completely unconscious, rival Peak Lord, a flash of

pure, unadulterated jealousy sparked in the little boy's eyes. But being the ultimate filial disciple, he suppressed his dark thoughts and silently marched into the kitchen to whip up a comforting, delicious dinner for them.

Since Liu Qingge was still dead to the world, only Shen Yuan and Luo Binghe sat at the table to eat. The atmosphere was a bizarre mix of cozy domesticity and the faint, menacing aura of a tiny protagonist radiating sheer displeasure over sharing his Shizun's attention.

The Morning After

That night, Shen Yuan refused to leave the recovering patient unattended, choosing to pull up a chair and watch over Liu Qingge right there in the living room. Unwilling to leave his Shizun's side—especially with a dangerous intruder present—a deeply disgruntled Luo Binghe insisted on staying awake to keep watch as well, glaring at the sofa the entire night.

The next morning, the warm sunlight filtered through the curtains.

Liu Qingge's eyes slowly fluttered open as his consciousness finally returned. The fever had broken, and his spiritual veins were perfectly stable. He blinked, his gaze softening as he saw Shen Yuan fast asleep in the chair beside him, exhausted from the night-long vigil.

But the warm, fuzzy feeling lasted for exactly two seconds.

Shifting his gaze slightly, Liu Qingge froze. Sitting on the floor right next to the chair was a tiny, shockingly familiar-looking boy with fluffy curls. The child was completely silent, his arms crossed, staring down the fearsome War God with a cold, piercing, and terrifyingly intense glare that practically said: *"You're awake. Now get out of my Shizun's house."*

The Looming Canon Event

Liu Qingge ended up staying in the apartment to recuperate for several days. The moment his body completely recovered and his spiritual energy stabilized, the harsh laws of the universe kicked in, and *poof!*—he was violently yanked back to his own world without warning.

Shen Yuan stood in the middle of his living room, his hand half-raised, utterly unable to utter the warning that had been resting on the tip of his tongue. Based on his encyclopedic knowledge of *Proud Immortal Demon Way*, he could easily calculate the timeline. If the War God had just returned to his own world fully healed... then today was the fateful day the demon realm would launch their massive invasion on Qiong Ding Peak!

Letting out a heavy, dramatic sigh, the hardcore reader could only close his eyes and silently pray for everyone's safety. *Please don't let that trash author wreck the place too badly,* he thought grimly.

The War God’s Savage Return

Meanwhile, on the other side of the dimensional rift, the chaos on Qiong Ding Peak was reaching its climax.

Liu Qingge materialized back into his world at the absolute perfect cinematic moment. The tense, three-match duel between the cultivators and the demons had just concluded, and the atmosphere was thick with hostility. As his sharp eyes scanned the crowd, he instantly locked onto the tiny, curly-haired disciple standing in the Qing Jing Peak lineup—Luo Binghe.

The War God's brain short-circuited for a split second as he recognized the tiny, glaring demon-child who had been fiercely guarding Shen Yuan’s bedside. But with an invading army right in front of him, he didn't have the time to process the sheer absurdity of it all.

Instead, Liu Qingge channeled all his leftover confusion and aggressive energy into the battle. He unleashed his sword, single-handedly and ruthlessly butchering the demon forces with such terrifying, savage efficiency that even the invading demons began to weep and beg for mercy.

Thanks to a thoroughly charged, overly protective War God, the entire demon invasion was crushed smoothly, ending the crisis in record time.

Into the Dream Realm

When evening finally arrived, a thoroughly exhausted Luo Binghe materialized back in the modern apartment right on schedule.

The poor little white lotus looked entirely traumatized (?) by the day's violent events. Seeing his precious lamb looking so shaken up, Shen Yuan’s heart melted completely. He spent the entire evening utterly doting on the boy, wrapping him in fluffy blankets, feeding him delicious comfort food, and showering him with gentle reassurances until the child finally drifted off to sleep.

With the chaotic week finally catching up to him, Shen Yuan also climbed into bed and closed his eyes, letting out a sigh of relief.

But his peaceful slumber was destined to be incredibly short-lived.

In the dead of the night, instead of entering a normal, dreamless sleep, Shen Yuan suddenly felt a bizarre, powerful gravitational pull snapping at his consciousness. Before he could even register what was happening, his soul was abruptly dragged straight out of reality and plunged directly into the shifting, misty labyrinth of Luo Binghe’s subconscious dream realm.

The Dream Demon’s Awakening

Upon being pulled into the shifting depths of the dream realm, Shen Yuan found himself standing alongside a very bewildered Luo Binghe, staring face-to-face with the legendary, disembodied cloud of purple smoke—the Dream Demon, Meng Mo.

But instead of immediately launching into a terrifying, villainous monologue, Meng Mo was completely paralyzed with absolute fascination. Through the residual memories clinging to Shen Yuan’s soul, the ancient demon was getting a vivid, front-row seat to the staggering marvels of the modern world. Concrete skyscrapers, glowing television screens, and roaring sports cars flashed through the dreamscape, leaving the elder completely starstruck.

Shaking himself out of his daze, Meng Mo turned his attention toward the tiny protagonist and decided to drop the ultimate truth bomb without any unnecessary dramatic buildup.

"Boy," Meng Mo rumbled, his smoky form swirling. "You are a half-demon. Specifically, of the Heavenly Demon lineage."

How did the great Dream Demon know this so definitively? Because during his deep dive into the household's subconscious, he had already caught a glimpse of those heavily guarded, cloth-covered posters hidden away in Shen Yuan’s bedroom!

Meng Mo vividly remembered staring at those massive illustrations of a grown, terrifyingly powerful, and ruthlessly majestic Dark Lord who possessed the exact facial features as this curly-haired brat. The ancient demon had connected the dots instantly. Armed with this spoilery visual proof, Meng Mo immediately formulated an aggressive, top-tier educational policy to train the boy into the formidable monarch he was clearly destined to become.

A Reluctant Disciple

Luo Binghe, however, was in an absolutely foul mood.

He didn't care about his royal lineage. He didn't care about ancient demonic heritages. All he cared about was the devastating fact that this annoying purple cloud was wasting his precious, limited sleeping hours—hours that were rightfully meant for snuggling contentedly against Shen Yuan’s side in a plush, air-conditioned bedroom!

The tiny white lotus crossed his arms, pouting fiercely as he glared at the ancient entity. He actively did not want to go on a grueling, perilous spiritual adventure inside his own head.

But as he glanced over at the soft, completely un-cultivated modern youth standing beside him, a sudden spark of fierce determination flared within his tiny heart. If he remained a weak, helpless child, he would never be able to keep this sanctuary safe.

Gritting his teeth, the little protagonist reluctantly agreed to the training. He would endure the tedious demon lessons—if only to ensure that one day, he would grow strong enough to fiercely protect his beloved Yuan-Shizun from absolutely anything.

The Looming Abyss

Several years flashed by in a blur of modern snacks, secret cultivation upgrades, and endless headpats. Inevitably, the dreaded day arrived: the Immortal Alliance Conference was officially set to begin.

The moment Shen Yuan realized that Luo Binghe would be participating, a cold dread settled deep in his chest. Knowing the dark, canon-mandated plot twist that awaited his precious white lotus, Shen Yuan immediately went into frantic, hyper-protective prep mode.

He loaded a premium Qiankun pouch to the absolute brim, packing it with a ridiculous lifetime supply of bottled water and every conceivable convenience-store food item he could get his hands on. On top of the infinite snacks, he also packed several custom-tailored robes crafted from the ultra-luxurious, durable fabrics that Yue Qingyuan had previously gifted him.

Deep down, Shen Yuan was terrified that once the young protagonist fell into the Endless Abyss, the laws of the universe might prevent him from safely materializing back in the modern apartment in the evening. His gut told him something terrible was coming—and his instincts were completely right.

When evening came, the living room remained completely empty. Luo Binghe did not return.

Shen Yuan felt utterly devastated. Even though his rational, web-novel reader brain knew that the dark fate of the *xianxia* world could not be easily altered, his heart still shattered into a million pieces.

The Depressed Snow Lotus Protocol

Without his fluffy, tiny protagonist to dote on, Shen Yuan completely transformed into a gloomy, lethargic zombie. He moped around his apartment, sighing dramatically, refusing to be cheered up by anything.

This unexpected depressive episode threw the entire Cang Qiong Mountain Peak Lord visiting schedule into absolute, unadulterated chaos.

One by one, they materialized in the apartment, completely baffled by the gloomy atmosphere. Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu, Mu Qingfang, and Liu Qingge pulled out absolutely all the stops, desperately trying everything in their power to make their beloved "Snow Lotus" crack a sweet smile again. They brought rare spiritual herbs, offered elegant poetry, and practically did cartwheels around the living room—but nothing worked.

The most frustrating part? None of them actually knew the real reason behind his sudden, tragic despair!

Well, except for Shang Qinghua. The guilty author knew *exactly* what plot point had just triggered this massive meltdown, but considering he was the one who wrote the tragic script

in the first place, he wisely chose to keep his mouth shut and do absolutely nothing to avoid being murdered by his anti-fan.

Meanwhile, the muscle-brained War God Liu Qingge stood in the corner, crossing his arms with a fierce scowl. His sharp instincts told him that this lingering sadness definitely had something to do with that intensely glaring, curly-haired demon brat he had seen years ago. He opened his mouth, fully intending to voice his brilliant deduction—only for his single-tracked mind to completely glitch out, entirely forgetting his train of thought halfway through his sentence.

The Peak Lords could only stare in helpless panic as their favorite modern sanctuary remained shrouded in thick, unyielding gloom.

The Ugly Snake and the Mighty Bingpup

Four months dragged by in a state of absolute gloom, until one afternoon, yet another uninvited guest popped straight out of the cosmic rift and crashed into Shen Yuan's living room.

This time, it wasn't a handsome Peak Lord or a crying protagonist. It was a genuinely hideous demon snake. The creature possessed the upper body of a human and the lower body of a serpent, but its face was swollen and bloated like a waterlogged corpse, making it look utterly terrifying and grotesque.

Sensing a severe code-red threat to his master, Bingpup didn't hesitate for a single second. The fierce little dog lunged forward, barking and snarling like a rabid wolf, aggressively cornering the massive, horrifying demon snake against the wall.

Shen Yuan stared in complete, utter bewilderment. Watching a giant, lethal demonic serpent getting absolutely bullied and trapped in a corner by a tiny, fluffy domestic puppy was so absurd that he couldn't help but let out a soft, amused chuckle. His dense depression finally cracked.

Feeling a sudden wave of pity for the pathetic monster, Shen Yuan called Bingpup off. He cautiously approached the trembling creature and knelt down. As he looked closer, his eyes locked onto the snake-demon's gaze. Surprisingly, the creature's eyes were shockingly bright, clear, and filled with a pure, watery innocence.

Melted by those puppy-dog snake eyes, Shen Yuan reached out and gently cupped the demon’s bloated, hideous face with both hands, offering a soft smile. Even though the ugly snake could only stay for a short while during each random visit, its sweet, docile nature successfully brought the joy back into Shen Yuan's life.

The Infinite Mushroom Project

The moment Shang Qinghua made his next routine visit to the apartment, a much-improved Shen Yuan immediately slammed a hand on the table and issued a demanding order: "Get me a *Sun and Moon Dew Mushroom*."

The author’s jaw dropped. "Bro, do you know how rare and volatile those things are?!"

Terrified that his modern, non-cultivator hands might accidentally ruin the rare spiritual plant, Shen Yuan crossed his arms. "I don't care. Bring me multiple sets of seeds and all the magical soil required. Chop chop!"

A few days later, a terrified Shang Qinghua delivered the goods. Treating the legendary, flesh-growing mythical flora like a basic, stupid houseplant, Shen Yuan casually dumped the seeds into a modern flowerpot, watered them, and left them by the window. To the laws of physics' absolute horror, his casual modern gardening actually worked! The legendary mushrooms sprouted flawlessly.

Unsure if his homegrown, modern-air-conditioned batch would actually function properly, Shen Yuan harvested them, packed them into a bag, and casually handed them to his ugly pet snake during its next visit. "Here, take these back with you and test them out."

The Ultimate Debt of Gratitude

The ugly snake—who was, in reality, the fiercely loyal demon general Zhuzhi-lang—had been absolutely terrified when he first tumbled into this bizarre, parallel world. Being relentlessly hunted down and pinned by a ferocious, barking "Moon-Devouring Spirit Beast" (Bingpup) had nearly given him a heart attack.

He never expected that a fragile human with absolutely zero spiritual energy would step in to save him. Experiencing Shen Yuan’s unconditional kindness and gentle hand on his hideous face had completely stolen the demon's heart. He became utterly obsessed with the idea of repaying this profound debt of gratitude.

And when Shen Yuan casually handed him a bag of premium, highly modified *Sun and Moon Dew Mushrooms*, Zhuzhi-lang’s mind practically exploded with devotion. This wasn't just a gift; this was a miracle!

Upon returning to his own world, Zhuzhi-lang consumed one set of the modern-grown mushrooms. The modified spiritual energy surged through his veins, completely purging his deformities and allowing him to smoothly reshape his flesh into a flawlessly handsome human form.

Armed with the remaining surplus of Shen Yuan's backyard mushrooms, a newly restored Zhuzhi-lang marched straight toward the Water Prison, fully equipped to successfully resurrect and break out his beloved master, Tianlang-jun, years ahead of schedule.

The Grand Disappointment

The ultimate peak entertainment was about to descend upon the modern world. One afternoon, the dimensional rift opened once again, dropping a newly humanized Zhuzhi-lang and the legendary Demon Lord, Tianlang-jun, right into the middle of the living room.

Bingpup immediately went into a rabid frenzy. The little dog bared its teeth and barked furiously, sensing the downright apocalyptic aura radiating from the handsome, relaxed sovereign standing near the television.

The commotion woke Shen Yuan from a peaceful nap on the sofa. Blinking his eyes open grozily, his blurry vision caught the vague, fuzzy silhouette of a tall figure clad in dark, regal robes. His heart leapt with instant joy. *Binghe?! Is that my baby protagonist finally back from the Abyss?!*

Scrambling up in excitement, Shen Yuan rubbed his eyes to get a clearer look—only to realize that the man before him was definitely *not* his fluffy, curly-haired little lamb. The crippling wave of disappointment hit him like a freight train.

His entire posture slumped. Turning into a literal puddle of gloom, he sat back down on the sofa, pulled his knees tightly to his chest, and buried his face in his arms. He completely checked out of reality, ignoring his terrifyingly powerful demonic guests altogether.

The Snake Reveals His True Form

Seeing his beloved savior suddenly collapse into a tragic heap of sadness, Zhuzhi-lang panicked. Anxious to comfort the youth, he cautiously stepped forward. Bingpup lunged to block him, barking defensively, but the clever pup suddenly paused mid-snarl. Sniffing the air, the dog recognized the familiar, comforting scent of the pathetic, bloated snake it used to bully. Satisfied, Bingpup stopped barking and trotted away.

Zhuzhi-lang dropped to his knees right beside the couch. With utmost reverence, he reached out his hands, gently and delicately resting them on Shen Yuan’s arm. "Young Master... what has brought you such profound sorrow?"

Shen Yuan slowly lifted his head, staring at the flawlessly handsome, elegant young man in front of him with utter bewilderment. He was about to tell the stranger to go away, but then his eyes locked onto the man's gaze. Those bright, watery, and incredibly innocent puppy-dog snake eyes were unmistakable.

Shen Yuan gasped, point blank. "Snakey?!"

A blindingly brilliant, joyful smile broke across Zhuzhi-lang's face. He nodded eagerly. "Young Master, my name is Zhuzhi-lang."

"Zhuzhi-lang?" Shen Yuan repeated, his modern tongue testing out the ancient demonic name.

Hearing his name uttered so softly by his savior, Zhuzhi-lang's smile turned sweet enough to cause cavities.

Standing a few feet away, Tianlang-jun watched the entire interaction unfold in absolute silence. The great Demon Lord crossed his arms, a highly amused, mischievous smirk playing on his lips as he observed his normally stiff, intensely loyal nephew acting like a pampered house-pet for a cute modern youth. This bizarre parallel world was turning out to be incredibly fun.

The Book Club of the Damned

When Shen Yuan's eyes finally adjusted to the room, he properly took in the sight of Tianlang-jun. His hardcore reader instincts immediately identified the striking crimson *Huadian* crest burning brightly on the older man's forehead—the definitive genetic signature of a Heavenly Demon.

In his initial, sleep-deprived grogginess, that specific demonic forehead mark had briefly tricked his brain into thinking his precious Luo Binghe had finally returned from the Abyss. Realizing it was a completely different Demon Lord had been the sole cause of his sudden, tragic emotional collapse.

But looking back down at the flawlessly handsome youth kneeling by his couch, whose own elegant *Huadian* crest glowed a distinct, vivid green, Shen Yuan felt his energy instantly rush back. His beloved, ugly pet snake had returned as a certified modern heartthrob!

Revitalized by the sheer power of aesthetics, Shen Yuan hopped off the sofa and happily began chatting with Zhuzhi-lang. Playing the perfect modern host, he bustled into the kitchen to brew a fresh pot of tea and set out a mountain of delicious snacks for his two otherworldly guests.

As it turned out, Tianlang-jun absolutely adored the modern world. How exactly a fragile human youth and the most dangerous Demon Lord in history managed to find common ground during a casual afternoon tea party remained a cosmic mystery, but the vibe was immaculate.

Discovering the elder demon's penchant for romance and drama, Shen Yuan enthusiastically raided his bookshelf. He handed Tianlang-jun a collection of modern novels, starting with a few short, gripping stories.

Before long, the two of them were gossiping and analyzing plotlines like seasoned book-club besties, totally engrossed in their literary critique while a sweet, docile Zhuzhi-lang happily munched on snacks beside them.

From that day forward, a strict new cosmic schedule was established. Zhuzhi-lang and Tianlang-jun would materialize in the apartment every three to four days—a schedule that, by some absolute stroke of divine luck, never once overlapped with the visiting days of the Cang Qiong Mountain Peak Lords.

Notes :

Note 1 (The Behind-the-Scenes Manager): In truth, the entirely chaotic, revolving-door guest list of Peak Lords and Demon Lords crashing into the modern world was the meticulous handiwork of the System. Because a massive coding glitch prevented the System from successfully transmigrating Shen Yuan's soul into the *xianxia* realm to begin the novel plot, it was forced to aggressively improvise.

The System had taken it upon itself to manually swap bodies, orchestrate dimensional rifts, and carefully manage a strict VIP queue, forcibly bringing characters from the other world directly to Shen Yuan just to manipulate the plotline. Talk about working overtime under a broken contract!

Chapter 2: Snow Lotus AU - Part II

The Accidental Immortal

Unbeknownst to the rest of the cultivation world, Shen Yuan had already casually consumed the *Mystic Glass Heart* and the *Immortal Fruit*—the exact legendary items he had sarcastically complained about weeks ago, which a panicked Shang Qinghua had actually gone out and fetched.

As a result, the fragile modern youth had effectively received a massive lifespan extension, permanently freezing his physical aging process. He was now officially blessed with eternal youth, looking like a fresh, delicate young master forever.

But for the demon royalty, mere longevity wasn't enough.

Tianlang-jun and Zhuzhi-lang had secretly formed a grand coalition to hunt down the ultra-rare ingredients required to forge a true Elixir of Immortality. Their goal? To grant Shen Yuan absolute, eternal life without forcing him to suffer through a single second of grueling, tedious cultivation training.

The duo spent several weeks turning the demon realm upside down in their quest. During one of their scheduled, random dimension-hops into the apartment, they decided to casually pick the brain of their favorite modern youth. Reasoning that since Shen Yuan was a certified genius who knew exactly how to effortlessly cultivate rare *Sun and Moon Dew Mushrooms* in a plastic flowerpot, he would surely know where to find the rest of the world's hidden treasures.

The Ultimate Tour Guide

They were completely right.

Amused by their sudden interest in rare flora, Shen Yuan whipped out a piece of paper and began drawing a highly detailed, incredibly accurate map of the *xianxia* world. Thanks to his encyclopedic knowledge of the original novel's geographical lore, he didn't just map out the hidden ingredients; he casually turned it into a comprehensive travel brochure. He recommended scenic tourist spots, highlighted must-try local delicacies, and pointed out interesting regional landmarks for Tianlang-jun to check out.

Armed with this literal god-tier cheat code of a map, Tianlang-jun transformed his dangerous ingredient hunt into a highly fabulous, relaxing vacation. He happily toured the lands, returning to the apartment every few days to eagerly shower Shen Yuan with a mountain of unique, interesting souvenirs from his travels.

After a few months of luxurious sightseeing, the demon duo managed to successfully gather every single rare component on the list. They brewed the legendary Elixir of Immortality, achieving their goal years ahead of anyone in history.

A Casual Dose of Eternal Life

During their next afternoon tea session, Zhuzhi-lang reverently presented a small, glowing vial to Shen Yuan.

Shen Yuan blinked at the mysterious liquid, completely clueless as to what it actually was. He didn't ask questions, nor did he double-check the ingredient list. Operating on the absolute, unshakeable belief that his sweet pet snake Zhuzhi-lang and his drama-loving book-club bestie Tianlang-jun would never, under any circumstances, harm a single hair on his head, he casually popped the cap and downed the elixir in one smooth gulp.

Just like that, while regular cultivators spent centuries meditating in dark caves and enduring deadly tribulation lightning just to grasp a sliver of eternity, Shen Yuan achieved absolute immortality while lounging on his sofa in his pajamas, washing down the ultimate divine elixir with a bag of potato chips.

The Grand Jade Luck Test

Now that his mood had completely rebounded—thanks to the chaotic, highly entertaining antics of Zhuzhi-lang and Tianlang-jun crashing his life—Shen Yuan felt a wave of inspiration. He declared a brand-new, self-proclaimed "Month of Fortune Testing."

He decided to drag his various transdimensional guests out to the grand 24-hour wholesale jade market to gamble on raw rocks, though he wisely promised himself not to completely break the local economy like he did with Luo Binghe's overpowered protagonist halo.

The hilarious results unfolded one by one:

The Peak Loard's Leaderboard

- **Yue Qingyuan:** Shen Yuan happily dragged his beloved Qi-ge by the hand to test his luck on a few select boulders. As it turned out, the grand Sect Master possessed a dignified, solid aura of fortune. Out of the 5 raw stones he picked, a staggering 4 opened up to reveal high-quality jade. A very respectable, aristocratic flex!
- **Shen Qingqiu:** Eager to share the fun, Shen Yuan brought the elegant scholar along next. Unfortunately, as a reformed cannon-fodder villain, Shen Qingqiu’s luck was entirely tragic. He carefully inspected the rocks with his fan, picked his favorites, and... *bamboorzled!* Every single stone was completely hollow, yielding absolutely nothing but sad, worthless gravel.
- **Mu Qingfang:** Treating the outing as a relaxing medical vacation to clear his mind, the gentle physician casually chose 5 stones alongside Shen Yuan's 5. Mu Qingfang walked

away with a decent 3 out of 5 jackpots. Meanwhile, Shen Yuan somehow opened a flawless 5 for 5. Shen Yuan just shrugged it off, assuming he had used up a lifetime of pure fluke.
- **Liu Qingge:** The fearsome War God apparently possessed the raw, unfiltered luck of a true gacha warrior. Matching Yue Qingyuan's record perfectly, Liu Qingge's aggressive stone-picking yielded a phenomenal 4 out of 5 premium jade boulders, much to his gruff satisfaction.

The Authors and Demons

- **Shang Qinghua:** The transmigrated author and his favorite anti-fan went on a completely relaxed, mindless stroll through the market. Shang Qinghua, being his usual lazy self, just pointed at random rocks half-heartedly and got equally mediocre, half-hearted results. Shen Yuan, also picking completely at random, somehow walked away with 5 flawless jade jackpots in a row. He stood there blinking in utter confusion. *Wait... is my own luck actually broken?*
- **Zhuzhi-lang and Tianlang-jun:** Finally, the chaotic demon royalty trio hit the town. They strolled through the market, laughing, joking, and casually pointing at whatever boulders looked remotely interesting. As it turned out, the raw, unfiltered charisma and cosmic power of the Heavenly Demon lineage translated directly into an absolutely terrifying gacha multiplier!

Every single stone the demons touched exploded with legendary, ultra-rare, museum-grade imperial jade. By the end of their casual stroll, they had practically cleaned out the marketplace all over again, causing the traumatized shopkeepers to weep tears of joy and terror as the legendary myth of the "Descending Jade Immortals" officially began its glorious second chapter!

Glamping in Hell

For Shen Yuan, the next two years flew by like a casual, peaceful lie. But for Luo Binghe, trapped in the crushing depths of the Endless Abyss, it was a literal, unmitigated hellscape.

Yet, the young protagonist refused to utter a single complaint. He *had* to become stronger—stronger than anyone—so that he could fiercely protect his precious Yuan-Shizun, and ensure that no one in any realm could ever dare to trample over him again.

As they navigated the desolate plains, the smoky figure of the Dream Demon materialized beside him. "You know, brat," Meng Mo rumbled thoughtfully. "I am entirely convinced that your little modern Shizun knew *exactly* what kind of nightmare you were going to face down here. He couldn't stop it because it would violate the mandate of heaven, but his worry for you was so profound that he literally prepped a survival kit and a highly detailed tourist-guide map of this godforsaken place."

Clutching the heavy Qiankun pouch strapped to his waist, Luo Binghe felt a warm, fuzzy wave of comfort wash over his exhausted soul.

Inside that magical pouch was an absolute masterpiece of modern hyper-fixated over-preparation. There were mountains of jerky, gallons of purified bottled water, infinite packs of instant noodles, endless condiments, a portable butane camping stove, complete sets of pots and dishes, fresh changes of clothes, packs of wet wipes, and premium cozy bedding. Shen Yuan had essentially packed everything required to turn a legendary, soul-crushing trial of demonic ascension into a highly tolerable, slightly spicy glamping trip.

Priorities and Protagonist Perks

Fueled by the sheer power of modern snacks and paternal love, Luo Binghe renewed his vows of ultimate devotion. He would master his demonic heritage. He would conquer this abyss. He would successfully break reality itself just to crawl back to the modern world, throw himself onto the living room rug, and weep hysterically into Yuan-Shizun’s lap until he got all the headpats he deserved.

As for that other Shizun back at Cang Qiong Mountain—the actual canon antagonist, Shen Qingqiu?

Hmph. Whatever! Luo Binghe didn't give a single damn about him anymore. In fact, if he were being entirely honest, he had completely lost all interest in seeking that cold man's approval the very moment he laid eyes on his sweet, doting modern savior.

Wrapping up his daily internal monologue of pure filial obsession, Luo Binghe casually swung his hand forward. A brutal, devastating demonic claw strike sliced cleanly through a towering, terrifying abyssal beast that had dared to cross his path, dropping the monster instantly.

Humming a happy little tune, the teenage monarch whipped out a completely separate, heavily fortified Qiankun pouch—the designated "Gifts for Shizun" bag. He carefully harvested the coolest, most interesting-looking monstrous body parts to take home for a fun show-and-tell session, packing them away with absolute, childlike glee.

The Grand Return and the Big Dog Bath

Two and a half years of agonizing abyssal survival finally culminated in a single, reality-tearing moment. Having successfully bound the legendary demonic sword, Xin Mo, to his will, a now grown-up Luo Binghe wasted no time slicing open a cosmic rift, stepping straight through the fabric of space and right into the familiar warmth of Shen Yuan’s modern apartment.

Shen Yuan, who was quietly reading on the sofa, paused and lifted his eyes.

There stood a slightly rumpled, battle-worn Luo Binghe. This was the real deal. The striking scarlet *Huadian* crest burning brilliantly on his forehead was an exact match to the imposing

Dark Lord featured in the bedroom posters. This was absolutely no sleep-deprived hallucination or accidental mix-up like that time with Tianlang-jun.

Overwhelmed with pure, unadulterated joy, tears instantly welled in Shen Yuan's eyes. He threw his book aside, scrambled off the couch, and practically dragged the towering teenage monarch straight into the bathroom.

What followed was an intense, hour-long scrubbing session. Shen Yuan essentially rolled up his sleeves and began washing the fierce, half-demon emperor as if he were an oversized, messy golden retriever. Bingpup sat like a mini-sentinel right outside the bathroom door, watching the entire spectacle unfold in heavy, silent judgment.

Shen Yuan spent a solid hour lathering shampoo, scrubbing away abyssal grime, and thoroughly rinsing the protagonist until the boy was sparkling clean and smelling like fresh lavender. Luo Binghe was floating on cloud nine, completely melting under the gentle touch of those soft hands massaging his scalp and carefully combing out his dark curls.

The Wardrobe Crisis

Once the epic bath concluded, however, Shen Yuan faced a severe logistical nightmare. He held up Luo Binghe's old modern clothes, only to realize the boy had undergone a massive, canon-mandated protagonist growth spurt. The t-shirts and sweatpants were now comically small and impossibly tight.

Thinking fast, Shen Yuan rummaged through his spare closets and hauled out a stash of oversized, incredibly luxurious dark robes. "Here, wear these. Tianlang-jun left them behind during one of his casual book-club visits."

The atmosphere in the room instantly plummeted to sub-zero temperatures.

Luo Binghe’s blissful expression vanished, replaced by an incredibly dark, jealous pout. *Tianlang-jun? Who on earth is this man, and why is he casually leaving giant, intimate clothing items in my Shizun’s sacred apartment?!*

Gritting his teeth, the young lord reluctantly changed into the borrowed robes, his territorial demon instincts practically vibrating with silent fury.

The Poster Realization

While Shen Yuan stepped out into the living room to furiously scroll through his phone and order a massive feast of celebratory food delivery, Luo Binghe wandered into the dressing room. He stood in front of the full-length mirror, inspecting his newly matured reflection.

His eyes scanned his sharp jawline, his broad shoulders, and finally locked onto the brilliant red crest glowing on his forehead.

A sudden jolt went through his brain. He turned his head, his gaze landing squarely on the large, cloth-covered frames hanging securely on the bedroom wall—the mysterious, heavily guarded posters he had always been forbidden to look at since childhood.

Piecing the clues together, Luo Binghe's jaw dropped in absolute, earth-shattering shock.

That specific *Huadian* mark... that terrifying, majestic demon lord in the secret illustrations... it wasn't some rival suitor, and it wasn't some ancient god. It was *himself*! His beloved Yuan-Shizun hadn't been worshiping another man; he had been hoarding fan-art of Luo Binghe's own future self all along!

Overcome with an explosive wave of pure, ecstatic joy, Luo Binghe sprinted out of the dressing room like a heat-seeking missile. He threw his arms tightly around Shen Yuan's waist, lifting the startled youth into the air, and carried him straight over to the sofa.

Dropping to his knees on the rug, the fierce conqueror of the Endless Abyss tightly clamped both arms around Shen Yuan's legs, buried his face in his lap, and began weeping hysterically.

Shen Yuan, entirely misinterpreting the situation, assumed the poor boy was suffering from severe post-traumatic stress from his time in hell and still felt deeply unsafe. Melting with deep parental affection, Shen Yuan gently stroked the boy's fluffy curls, cooing softly and pouring out endless streams of comforting reassurances to soothe his precious, weeping lamb.

The Pillar of Heaven Protocol

Luo Binghe officially upgraded his status to a permanent, full-time resident of Shen Yuan's modern apartment.

On that very first night of his glorious return, Shen Yuan naturally allowed him to sleep in the exact same bed as before, treating him like the same cuddly little lamb. However, the next morning brought a massive, highly alarming biological crisis. Upon waking up, Shen Yuan was greeted by the sheer, unmitigated presence of the protagonist's legendary, canon-compliant *Pillar of Heaven* rubbing against him.

Horrified and thoroughly traumatized by the laws of adult anatomy, Shen Yuan made a firm executive decision that very evening. "Binghe, starting tonight, you are moving into the guest bedroom. I will set up a brand-new, comfortable bed just for you."

The reaction was instantaneous. Luo Binghe's eyes welled up with an ocean of pitiful tears. He tilted his head up, staring at Shen Yuan with the most devastating, heartbroken puppy-dog eyes the cultivation world had ever seen, his lower lip trembling violently.

Predictably, Shen Yuan's weak parental defense system completely crumbled. Overwhelmed by sheer pity, he let out a defeated sigh and immediately revoked the eviction notice, allowing Luo Binghe to occupy his bed indefinitely.

The Battle of the Heavenly Demons

Of course, the domestic bliss didn't last long, because the System's secret, randomized guest queue was still fully operational.

The first visitors to crash the apartment since Binghe's return were none other than Tianlang-jun and Zhuzhi-lang. The moment the dimensional rift popped open, the uncle-and-nephew duo froze, staring directly at the fully grown, imposing Dark Lord currently lounging on the sofa right next to Shen Yuan.

Tianlang-jun and Luo Binghe locked eyes. The air in the living room instantly turned heavy enough to crush a lesser cultivator as the father and son implicitly engaged in a fierce, high-voltage psychological staring contest.

Breaking the tension, Zhuzhi-lang completely ignored the alpha-male posturing. He happily glided past them, dropping his terrifying demon general persona to affectionately cling to Shen Yuan's side like a docile, pampered pet snake.

Seeing another man encroaching on his territory, Luo Binghe abruptly threw the staring contest out the window. Abandoning his silent war with Tianlang-jun, he aggressively swooped in on Shen Yuan, wrapping himself around the youth and unleashing a barrage of sweet, shameless clinginess to violently redirect all of Shizun's attention back to himself.

Tianlang-jun watched the chaotic display with immense, sparkling amusement, highly entertained by his son's absolute lack of shame when it came to securing affection.

The Dangerously Accurate Warning

After a long afternoon of chatting, tea-drinking, and exchanging various interdimensional updates, the visit finally drew to a close. Before they left, Shen Yuan pulled Tianlang-jun aside. "By the way, since Binghe has outgrown all his old clothes, could you bring a few proper sets of robes for him the next time you visit?"

"Of course, of course," Tianlang-jun chuckled, tossing a playful glance toward the fiercely hovering Luo Binghe. Then, leaning in close to Shen Yuan's ear, the seasoned Demon Lord decided to drop a highly explosive parting thought for the modern youth to chew on.

"Yuan-er," Tianlang-jun whispered smoothly. "Sharing a bed with that boy wasn't strange when he was a tiny child. But now? He is fully grown. Sleeping together like that behaves much less like a master and disciple, and much more like a deeply devoted husband and wife. You ought to think very carefully about your sleeping arrangements... before that kid decides to swallow you whole."

With a mischievous wink, the Demon Lord vanished back through the rift.

Left standing in the middle of his living room, a massive string of question marks materialized above Shen Yuan's head. *Huh??? Wait... WHAT?!*

The Author's Script Gets Obliterated

The very first Peak Lord to encounter the upgraded, max-level version of Luo Binghe was, fittingly, Shang Qinghua.

The logistics king had strolled into the apartment, fully intending to drag his favorite anti-fan out for their usual casual hangout. Instead, he froze at the doorway. Lounging on the sofa, practically glued to Shen Yuan's side like a giant, fiercely territorial shadow, was the terrifying half-demon protagonist himself.

Shang Qinghua's author brain went into immediate meltdown. According to his original outline, Luo Binghe wasn't supposed to return for another two and a half years! Not only was he wildly ahead of schedule, but instead of brutally conquering the Demon Realm and building his dark empire, the legendary dark lord was currently using his god-tier powers to play the role of a pampered, love-starved puppy for a modern youth!

With the canon entirely derailed, Peerless Cucumber and Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky did what they did best: they completely ignored the fantasy plot and began furiously gossiping about the cosmic anomalies in their native language.

Sitting nearby, a deeply suspicious Luo Binghe kept his demonic ears sharply perked, trying to decipher their strange, modern slang.

By the time evening arrived, Shang Qinghua actually managed to survive long enough to be blessed with a bowl of Luo Binghe's legendary, five-star culinary cooking. However, the moment he set his chopsticks down, the teenage monarch fixed him with a cold, piercing glare that practically screamed: *"You have eaten. Your presence is no longer required. Evacuate my Shizun's premises immediately."*

The Lore Drop

The second Shang Qinghua scrambled back through the dimensional rift, Luo Binghe immediately shifted into full clingy-mode, wrapping himself around Shen Yuan. "Shizun... who exactly was that man?" he asked, his voice dripping with thinly veiled jealousy.

Shen Yuan sighed, gently patting the boy's fluffy curls. "Shang Qinghua is an old acquaintance of mine from this world, from before I... passed away. He transmigrated into your world as Shang Jinhua before becoming the An Ding Peak Lord. It seems the universe stubbornly insists on forcing us together, which is why the System keeps dragging him back here."

Following Shang Qinghua's traumatizing discovery, the remaining regular visitors—Mu Qingfang, Liu Qingge, Yue Qingyuan, and finally, the actual canon Shen Qingqiu—stumbled into the apartment one by one over the following weeks, each of them experiencing a minor heart attack upon discovering the permanent, full-time resident living in Shen Yuan's house.

The Qiong Ding Emergency Summit

This collective shock culminated in an emergency, highly confidential Peak Lords' meeting packed tightly inside Qiong Ding Hall.

"Did *anyone* here know beforehand that our precious Snow Lotus was raising that apocalyptic beast in his spare time?!" Shen Qingqiu snapped, slamming his hand on the table.

Liu Qingge crossed his arms, his brow furrowing as a random memory finally sparked in his single-track mind. "I remember now. When I had that qi deviation and woke up with a fever, that curly-haired brat was sitting by the bed, staring at me the entire night."

"And why on earth didn't you mention this sooner?!" Shen Qingqiu hissed, his fan shaking with irritation.

Liu Qingge frowned deeply. "Because he wasn't dangerous."

"Liu Qingge! You are telling me a purebred Heavenly Demon is *not* dangerous?!" Shen Qingqiu's voice rose an octave. "That creature is a walking catastrophe! Especially with how heavily attached he is to A-Yuan!"

"Yuan said the boy is harmless. Yuan raised him himself, so I believe him," Liu Qingge grunted, his logic utterly unshakeable. If his favorite modern youth said the demon was a good boy, then the demon was a good boy. End of discussion.

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fan shut with an incredibly loud, exasperated *thwack*, letting out a venomous sneer.

Unbeknownst to the bickering inner circle, the notorious gossip-mongers Qi Qingqi and Wei Qingwei were currently pressed flat against the back doors, eagerly eavesdropping on every single syllable.

On this fateful day, the rest of Cang Qiong Mountain finally uncovered the grandest secret of the century: the legendary, mysterious "Snow Lotus" who had thoroughly captured the hearts of their top martial brothers was a sweet, utterly darling youth named "Yuan." Surname? Unknown. Face? Still unseen. But the protectiveness surrounding him was clearly reaching apocalyptic levels.

Notes :

(The Timeline Context): To clarify, this emergency summit took place immediately after every single one of the core Peak Lords had finally suffered through the collective trauma of

encountering the fully grown, terrifyingly overpowered Luo Binghe lounging comfortably inside Shen Yuan’s modern living room.

The Grand System Glitch

Eventually, the overworked System decided to completely throw its own scheduling rules out the window. In a spectacular display of digital laziness, it merged the entire queue, forcibly materializing every single one of the Cang Qiong Peak Lords in Shen Yuan’s living room all at the exact same time.

The apartment was packed wall-to-wall with high-level cultivators. Naturally, an intense, silent standoff immediately commenced as Yue Qingyuan, Shen Qingqiu, Liu Qingge, and Mu Qingfang formed a unified front, glaring daggers at the massive, menacing presence of Luo Binghe.

The only exception was Shang Qinghua, who was currently sweating bullets, trying to blend into the wallpaper to avoid getting caught in the crossfire.

Just when Shen Yuan thought the property damage couldn't possibly get any worse, the cosmic portal glitched one more time. *Poof!* Tianlang-jun and Zhuzhi-lang materialized right into the middle of the crowded room.

The absolute peak of *xianxia* tension had officially entered a small, modern apartment. Peak Lords versus Demon Royalty. Swords were twitching. Demonic energy was flaring. The apocalypse was about to trigger over a coffee table.

Shen Yuan stood in the center of the impending war zone, a massive migraine throbbing behind his eyes as he fiercely clutched his temples. Channeling the absolute, unyielding spirit of a true web-novel solver, he slammed his hand down and shouted the only logical solution to interdimensional warfare:

"That's it! We are all going out for Hot Pot!"

The Power of Sliced Meat

As it turned out, no amount of ancient, deep-seated racial hatred between humans and demons could withstand the glorious, unifying power of premium modern hot pot.

Seated around a massive, bubbling table at a local restaurant, the icy atmosphere thawed in record time. As plate after plate of thinly sliced wagyu beef, fresh seafood, and savory broth were consumed, the apocalyptic tension melted away into satisfied murmurs and pleasant chewing.

Relieved that his apartment hadn't been reduced to ash, a beautifully smiling Shen Yuan happily offered to take the massive entourage on a grand grand tour of the city, leading the

group through the bustling modern streets.

The Ultimate Modeling Agency

The grand tour eventually concluded at the high-end fashion design studio owned by none other than Shen Yuan's modern mother, Mama Shen.

The moment the elegant matriarch opened her studio door, she froze. Standing before her was an absolute, breathtaking collection of otherworldly specimens. Tall, broad-shouldered, flawlessly handsome men with long flowing hair, carrying themselves with the effortless, regal grace of ancient gods and supreme emperors.

A literal lightning bolt of artistic inspiration struck Mama Shen’s soul. Her eyes lit up with the predatory, blinding brilliance of a legendary fashion mogul who had just discovered the ultimate goldmine.

Forget traditional casting agencies. Forget standard male models. Her mind instantly began spinning with wild, ambitious concepts for her upcoming seasonal runway. Looking at the majestic Peak Lords and the breathtaking Demon Sovereigns currently inspecting her fabric racks, her inner monologue practically screamed: *“Next season's fashion show belongs to me! I must capture every single one of them for the runway!”*

The Interdimensional Truth Summit

Upon returning from Mama Shen’s studio—where several legendary cultivators and demon lords had narrowly escaped being legally signed into high-fashion modeling contracts—the atmosphere in the apartment shifted.

Taking a seat in the center of the room, Shen Yuan decided it was time to open the ultimate, spoilery cold case file: the tragic downfall and sealing of Tianlang-jun. Long before this massive gathering, he and Shang Qinghua had already conducted a thorough, cross-referenced investigation into the system files and the original *Proud Immortal Demon Way* draft.

They had uncovered a dark truth that went far beyond public records. The mastermind who engineered the entire tragedy was none other than the Old Palace Master of Huan Hua Palace—a man driven by utterly repulsive, deeply unhinged obsessions toward his own head disciple, Su Xiyan.

As Shen Yuan laid out the premise, a heavy, suffocating silence fell over the room. Comprehending only a fraction of the complex ancient lore but sensing the grim mood, Luo Binghe silently chose to lean his large form against Shen Yuan’s side. Shen Yuan subconsciously reached out, gently patting and stroking the boy's fluffy curls to soothe him.

"So," Tianlang-jun spoke up, his usual playful demeanor completely vanishing, replaced by a cold, sharp edge. "What exactly happened all those years ago?"

Shen Yuan didn't even look up. "Airplane. Your turn to narrate."

The Author’s Confession

Shang Qinghua broke into a nervous sweat, clearing his throat. "In that fateful year... the Old Palace Master thoroughly manipulated the righteous sect coalition. He used the terrifying excuse that the Heavenly Demon was plotting to invade, conquer, and completely annihilate the human realm, forcing everyone to join hands to seal you away."

Tianlang-jun’s brow furrowed in sheer, unadulterated bewilderment. "I am literally obsessed with human culture. Why on earth would I want to conquer it? Besides, back then, the only thing in the entire world I actually cared about was my lover, Su Xiyan."

"Exactly. That *is* the truth," Shang Qinghua sighed, adjusting his imaginary glasses. "But your beautiful romance was something that obsessed, toxic old man simply could not accept. Driven by pure spite, he chose to eliminate the 'monster' who had stolen Su Xiyan away from him. He locked her away in the Water Prison."

A collective, sharp intake of breath echoed through the living room. Every single Peak Lord present knew exactly what kind of torturous, soul-crushing hell hole the Huan Hua Palace Water Prison truly was.

The Tragic Origin Story

Tianlang-jun’s hands clenched into tight fists, his voice trembling slightly. "And what happened to her? Is she... is she still alive?"

"No," Shang Qinghua replied softly, dropping all his usual comedic demeanor. "The Old Palace Master forced a deadly abortifacient poison down her throat, intending to terminate her pregnancy. Su Xiyan drank it willingly, using it as a desperate bargaining chip to gain her release. The moment she was freed, she immediately fled from Huan Hua Palace."

"..." The room remained deathly still.

"On the banks of the Luo River, on a day so bitterly cold that the water had completely frozen over, Su Xiyan gave birth to a single baby boy. With her remaining breaths, she channeled every ounce of her remaining spiritual cultivation to forge a powerful seal, masking the demonic bloodline of her newborn child. She wrapped him up, placed him safely inside a wooden basin, and set him afloat down the icy river. Moments later, the poison finally claimed her life, and she passed away alone on the frozen riverbank."

The Target is Locked

"So, now that the ultimate truth has finally been laid bare," Shen Yuan spoke up, breaking the heavy silence. "Tianlang-jun, what do you plan to do next?"

Tianlang-jun looked at Shen Yuan for a brief moment before casually reaching down, popping a modern snack into his mouth, and chewing thoughtfully. "I want his head. Only that miserable old bastard's life. As for the rest of the human realm? I couldn't care less."

Shen Yuan turned his gaze toward the elite gathering of Cang Qiong Mountain Peak Lords. "And what about everyone else? What is your stance on this?"

"If we have the definitive proof, we should completely expose his crimes to the entire cultivation world first," Shen Qingqiu, ever the ruthless strategist, spoke for the group. "And *then*, we hand his miserable carcass straight over to Tianlang-jun."

The Protagonist’s Flick of Reality

Shen Yuan looked down at the large figure leaning against his side, gently stroking his fluffy curls. "Binghe... what about you? What do you think we should do?"

Luo Binghe tilted his head, looking up with a genuinely bewildered, entirely clueless expression. "Shizun, what on earth does this messy ancient drama have to do with me?"

"Stop playing dumb." Without missing a beat, Shen Yuan raised his hand and delivered a sharp, reprimanding flick straight to Luo Binghe’s forehead. "Su Xiyan was your biological mother."

Luo Binghe puffed out his cheeks in a dramatic pout. "I don't care about her. Whatever Shizun wants me to do, that is exactly what I will do. Besides, speaking of Huan Hua Palace..." He paused, his gaze sharply sliding over to lock onto Shen Qingqiu. "...it suddenly reminds me of a very specific incident back at the Immortal Alliance Conference."

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fan open, cooling himself with an air of supreme indifference. Shen Yuan could only let out a soft sigh, knowing exactly what petty, non-canon subplots were brewing in the boy's vengeful head. Tightening his grip on Luo Binghe’s hand, he warned, "Not with him. Absolutely not."

It was a completely contextless, fragmented sentence that left most of the room entirely baffled. But of course, both Shen Qingqiu and Luo Binghe understood it perfectly. Switching instantly back to his ultimate spoiled-pup mode, Luo Binghe cooed, "If Shizun says so, then I will obey."

Shen Qingqiu snapped his fan shut with a violent, white-knuckled *thwack*. "You utterly shameless beast!"

Luo Binghe narrowed his eyes, casting a chilling, bloodthirsty glare toward the scholar. "You should be profoundly grateful, *Peak Master Shen*. The only reason I am choosing not to settle our personal accounts is because Shizun explicitly asked me not to. Count your blessings."

Throwing the Author Under the Bus

A split second later, the terrifying dark lord smoothly deactivated his killer aura, reverting right back into a giant, harmless golden retriever. "But, Shizun... since I can't touch him, am I allowed to go brutalize that annoying Ice Demon instead? He was the one who violently shattered my bloodline seal during the conference and unleashed all those feral beasts."

A slow, highly amused smirk tugged at the corners of Shen Yuan’s lips. "Oh, you can absolutely handle him. Just... try to hold back a tiny bit, alright? Otherwise, Shang Qinghua is going to weep inconsolably."

In a perfectly synchronized motion, every single person in the living room slowly turned their heads to stare dead at Shang Qinghua.

The poor, defenseless author squeaked like a cornered rat, jumping up in absolute terror as he scrambled to hide his trembling body entirely behind Shen Yuan’s protective shoulders.

The Departure and the Echo of a Sword

Once the ancient cold cases were officially settled and the threat levels had been properly color-coded, the overworked System finally kicked in, forcefully vacuuming the entire chaotic entourage back to their respective coordinate points in the *xianxia* world.

Luo Binghe, of course, spent his final remaining minutes shamelessly squeezing out a few more affectionate cuddles from Shen Yuan. Refueled by his Shizun’s undivided attention, he drew the legendary dark sword, Xin Mo, and slashed open a jagged, pitch-black cosmic rift, stepping through it with a terrifyingly joyful grin, heading straight for the Northern Ice Demon’s fortress.

For one entire, blissfully quiet week, Shen Yuan lived a peaceful, uninterrupted modern life, patiently waiting for his giant, fluffy half-demon puppy to return from his disciplinary raid.

On a warm afternoon seven days later, Shen Yuan was comfortably drifting off into a peaceful afternoon nap on the sofa. Suddenly, the distinctive, reality-tearing hum of Xin Mo vibrated through the living room.

Blinking his eyes open grozily, Shen Yuan sat up. Sure enough, a tall, imposing figure clad in dark, majestic robes stepped through the dimensional tear. It was undeniably Luo Binghe. The scarlet *Huadian* crest was there, the flowing black curls were there—yet, something felt entirely off. The air in the room didn't feel warm or clingy; it felt heavy, calculation-heavy, and sharply predatory.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Shen Yuan tentatively called out, "Binghe?"

At the sound of that voice, the dark lord's terrifyingly cold, menacing expression instantly shifted, smoothing out into an intrigued, slightly softened mask. He slowly glided forward, his dark eyes locking entirely onto Shen Yuan.

Enter the Original Dark Lord

To say that the man standing in the living room was confused would be a massive understatement.

For the original Luo Binghe—the supreme, black-bellied stallion protagonist of the unaltered *Proud Immortal Demon Way*—today was supposed to be a completely ordinary Tuesday. He had spent his morning casually slaughtering high-level mythical beasts, effortlessly rescuing yet another weeping, top-tier beauty for his ever-growing harem, and finally, when he grew utterly bored of the routine, deciding to head back to his sprawling underground palace.

Whipping out Xin Mo, he casually slashed the air to create his usual shortcut home. Except, instead of materializing inside his dark, massive, basalt-brick throne room, he stepped through the portal and stumbled into a bizarre, incredibly cramped, and blindingly bright alien dimension.

The original dark lord narrowed his eyes, analyzing his strange surroundings. *What is this? Is destiny finally running out of ideas and handing me a brand-new, exotic maiden via a localized dimensional glitch?*

A split second later, his internal monologue slammed to a violent halt.

From a strange, plush modern daybed, a slender figure stirred from a nap. The youth grozily rubbed his eyes, yawning softly as he sat up. The original Luo Binghe stared. It was undeniably a breathtakingly beautiful man—but horror of horrors, the youth possessed a face that was shockingly, terrifyingly reminiscent of that miserable, hypocritical scum villain, Shen Qingqiu!

But before the original protagonist could draw his sword to decapitate this potential clone, the lovely stranger looked up and called his name, his voice dripping with an incredibly soft, sweet, and unconditionally affectionate warmth he had never once heard in his entire life.

"Binghe?"

The original Luo Binghe stood frozen, his brilliant mind frantically recalculating the variables. What kind of absurd, cosmic joke was fate trying to play on him now? Adjusting his features into a calculated, harmlessly smooth expression, he slowly stepped closer to the mysterious beauty. He wanted to see exactly what kind of elaborate trap this fake-Shen-Qingqiu was trying to pull.

The Grip of the Original Protagonist

The dark lord slowly stepped closer to the sofa. Shen Yuan blinked at him in utter bewilderment, his internal alarms softly chiming. This was completely wrong. Usually, the moment Luo Binghe returned from a trip, he would immediately transform into a giant, overly affectionate heat-seeking missile and attach himself to Shen Yuan's side. Today, he was just standing there, wearing a strangely blank, calculating expression.

Then, Shen Yuan's nose twitched. *Sniff, sniff.*

A thick, pungent scent of fresh blood was wafting aggressively from the dark lord's heavy robes. Instantly shifting into full-blown worried guardian mode, Shen Yuan reached out, fully intending to check his precious disciple for any hidden, life-threatening injuries. But before his fingers could even brush the fabric, a large, calloused hand shot forward like lightning, gripping his wrist in a relentless, iron-tight vice.

An Unfortunate Reflex

From the original Luo Binghe's perspective, the situation was growing increasingly bizarre.

He had watched this strange, fake-Shen-Qingqiu tilt his head, innocently sniffing the air like a confused puppy, before boldly reaching a hand toward his chest. Up close, the dark lord could finally spot the massive anatomical differences: this person was noticeably smaller, infinitely softer, and completely lacked the prickly, arrogant aura of the scum villain. Furthermore, a quick scan revealed that the youth possessed the aura of a true human immortal—despite having zero spiritual cultivation.

Fascinated by this walking biological anomaly, the original protagonist let his guard down for a split second. But when those soft fingers came too close to his person, his heavily trained, abyssal survival instincts automatically triggered. Without thinking, he clamped his hand around that slender wrist, squeezing hard.

He didn't mean to unleash his monstrous strength, but the instant shock and flash of pain that crossed the youth's delicate face told him he had definitely overdone it.

The Vanguard Evacuation

He never got the chance to apologize or interrogate further.

In a fraction of a second, the iron grip on Shen Yuan's wrist was violently pryed open by a sudden, overwhelming surge of demonic energy. Before the original dark lord could even register what was happening, the lovely youth was smoothly snatched out of harm's way, disappearing entirely into a safe, incredibly warm embrace.

Standing directly between the original protagonist and his prize was a newly arrived demon general. Zhuzhi-lang stood as an impenetrable shield in the middle of the living room, his human facade completely dropping as he bared his deadly venomous fangs, hissing softly in a terrifying, primal warning toward the trespasser.

Safely tucked away in the background, a very startled Shen Yuan clutched his bruised wrist, his mind frantically trying to process the sudden chaotic escalation.

Notes :

(The Oblivious Guardian): At this exact moment, although Shen Yuan felt that something was profoundly wrong and entirely unnatural about his disciple's bizarre behavior, his dense modern brain had still not yet realized that the terrifying, harem-collecting *Bing-ge* from the original canon timeline had just accidentally hijacked his living room.

The Grand Revelation

Tianlang-jun gently lifted Shen Yuan's hand, examining the delicate skin with deep concern as he lightly stroked the bruising area. "Oh dear, look at that. Our precious Yuan-er's wrist is completely red."

Shen Yuan blinked, still slightly dazed. "I-I'm fine, really."

He instinctively turned his head, watching Zhuzhi-lang fiercely holding the line against the terrifying intruder. Just as Shen Yuan was debating whether he should step in and stop the imminent demon war, Tianlang-jun's voice cut through his thoughts, smooth and deadly serious:

"That is *not* your Luo Binghe."

Shen Yuan's eyes widened. In a single, earth-shattering second, the pieces clicked together inside his modern reader brain. The imposing aura, the ruthless reflexes, the sheer, unmitigated danger radiating from the man who had just crushed his wrist... this wasn't his fluffy, love-starved little lamb. This was *Bing-ge*! The original, ruthless, harem-collecting stallion protagonist of the canon universe!

His face instantly drained of all color. Thoroughly terrified by the sudden appearance of the ultimate endgame boss, Shen Yuan scrambled backward, practically burying himself into Tianlang-jun's regal robes for protection.

Tianlang-jun chuckled softly, gently patting the panicked youth's back. "There, there, Yuan-er, don't be frightened. As long as I am standing here, not even that other version of my son can dare to bully you."

The Interrogation of a Stallion Protagonist

Peeking out from behind his demonic shield, Shen Yuan swallowed hard, trying to regain his composure as he gripped Tianlang-jun's sleeve for dear life. He looked directly at the legendary tyrant. "Emperor Luo... how on earth did you manage to breach the barrier to this world?"

Bing-ge's brow furrowed, his calculation-heavy expression faltering for a brief second. "I was merely subjugating abyssal beasts as I always do. Afterward, I used Xin Mo to return to my underground palace, only to materialize in this cramped room instead." He paused, his gaze dropping to Shen Yuan's reddened wrist before grumbling reluctantly, "And... I did not intend to squeeze your wrist with such force earlier."

Shen Yuan let out a massive, exasperated sigh. Pouting his cheeks in sheer irritation, he glared at the dark sword strapped to the emperor's waist. "Of course. It's that absolute menace of a sword again."

Tianlang-jun was thoroughly delighted by Shen Yuan's endless encyclopedia of otherworldly knowledge. Finding the youth's annoyed, puffed-out cheeks completely adorable, the elder Demon Lord couldn't resist reaching out and playfully poking Shen Yuan's soft cheek.

Genuinely irritated by the chaotic situation, Shen Yuan instinctively snapped his head around and playfully nipped at Tianlang-jun's offending finger. Far from being angry, Tianlang-jun let out a delighted, musical giggle, finding the "Snow Lotus's" spicy attitude utterly charming.

The Eye-Straining Lesson

Standing a few feet away, Bing-ge's eyebrow violently twitched. Watching a replica of his despised scum villain act so incredibly soft, domestic, and biting-ly playful with an older Heavenly Demon was an absolute assault on his vision. It felt bizarrely, inexplicably irritating to witness.

Clearing his throat to break up the cozy display, Bing-ge narrowed his eyes. "Then, I must ask this young master: in what way exactly is Xin Mo a 'menace' of a sword?"

Shen Yuan let out another heavy, long-suffering sigh. "Emperor Luo, you already know its volatile nature. But what you apparently don't know is that your legendary blade doesn't just cut through local space to open ordinary portals. If pushed correctly, it can literally rip through the fabric of reality itself, creating rifts that lead to entirely different dimensions—and universes—altogether."

A Gentle Lecture for a Tyrant

Shen Yuan let out yet another long-suffering sigh, massaging his temples. "Look, this is all just a minor multiversal glitch. Since Your Majesty didn't actually mean to gatecrash this

world, you should probably head back. There's no use wasting your precious imperial time lounging around in a cramped apartment like this."

He paused, his inner doting guardian briefly overriding his fear of the ultimate endgame boss. "Just... be a bit more careful next time. And stop going out of your way to slaughter high-level beasts so constantly. No matter how overpowered and peerless you think you are, picking fights all day is bound to backfire eventually. Even if your cheat-code Heavenly Demon blood can heal any mortal wound within seconds, it’s not like the initial injury doesn't bring you immense, actual physical pain."

Bing-ge blinked, momentarily stunned into silence by the sudden, unprecedented lecture. No one had ever spoken to him with such casual, domestic concern for his well-being before. He nodded slowly, a genuine hint of understanding softening his sharp features. "Thank you for your guidance. May I crave the honor of knowing your name?"

Shen Yuan blinked back. "Shen Yuan."

Accepting the answer with a rare, respectful inclination of his head, the original tyrant drew Xin Mo, sliced open a new reality rift, and quietly stepped back into his own timeline.

The Lonely Sovereign

As the portal vanished, Tianlang-jun leaned back, asking softly, "Is it truly alright to just let him walk away like that, Yuan-er?"

Shen Yuan turned around, his gaze softening with deep melancholy. "His life... has honestly been tragic and exhausting enough. He was ruthlessly bullied and abused as a helpless child, only to be brutally shoved into the Endless Abyss to suffer through five unmitigated years of hell. It entirely twisted a pure, innocent little white lotus into a pitch-black, vengeful demon lord."

He let out a quiet breath. "Even though he finally exacted his bloody revenge and conquered the world, it could never truly erase his deep-seated sorrow. He hoards countless beautiful women in his palace like mindless trophies, but it's really just a desperate, futile attempt to distract himself from his own crippling loneliness."

Tianlang-jun’s expression shifted into one of quiet comprehension. "Ah... if that is the case, then he truly is a pitiful soul. It is a profound blessing that the other Luo Binghe managed to find you in this life, Yuan-er. And it is an equally magnificent blessing that both Zhuzhi-lang and I were allowed to stumble upon our own darling little Snow Lotus."

The Paradox of the Snow Lotus

Shen Yuan instantly puffed his cheeks out in a massive, defensive pout. "What is with everyone constantly calling me a Snow Lotus anyway?! I am a grown man! I am absolutely

not that fragile or weak, you know!"

Tianlang-jun let out a low, melodious laugh, thoroughly amused by the youth's fiery denial. "And who ever said a snow lotus was weak?"

Shen Yuan blinked, caught completely off guard.

Tianlang-jun's smile turned incredibly warm, his dark eyes glowing with profound gentleness. "The snow lotus does not bloom in a pampered, sunny garden, Yuan-er. It chooses to grow entirely amidst the unforgiving, freezing snowstorms and the sheer, treacherous cliffs of the highest mountains."

He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a soft, reverent murmur. "Though it may look delicate, pure, and fragile to the untrained eye..."

"...it possesses the miraculous strength to thrive and flourish in a harsh, deadly environment where no other living plant could ever hope to survive."

Slowly extending his hand, Tianlang-jun softly and tenderly brushed a stray lock of hair away from Shen Yuan's forehead.

"And that, my dear... is exactly why I call you my Snow Lotus."

Notes :

Throughout this entire, dimension-hopping saga, Shen Yuan was never the strongest warrior in the room. He possessed absolutely zero epic spiritual cultivation, couldn't wield a legendary sword to save his life, and his physical stamina was entirely that of a lazy modern youth who preferred lounging on a sofa in his pajamas.

Yet, he possessed the most overpowered cheat code in the entire multiverse: an absolute, unyielding gentleness.

And that very softness—entirely unprompted and fueled mostly by his hyper-fixated reader instincts—somehow managed to single-handedly rewrite the tragic destinies of the world's most dangerous individuals :

The Transformed Destinies

- **Yue Qingyuan** finally found the closure he needed, completely letting go of the crushing, suffocating guilt of his past.
- **Shen Qingqiu** was given a mirror to see himself in an entirely new, reformed light, escaping his bitter canon fate.
- **Liu Qingge** actually learned the divine art of caution and restraint (a literal miracle for the single-track War God).
- **Mu Qingfang** was inspired to pioneer incredible, revolutionary medical breakthroughs after analyzing modern logic.
- **Shang Qinghua** managed to reclaim his cherished old friend, ensuring the lonely author would never have to navigate his own story alone again.

- **Zhuzhi-lang** obtained a true savior—someone who saw past his monstrous form and treated him with genuine, unconditional kindness.
- **Tianlang-jun** successfully reclaimed his fractured family and discovered a profound love for modern drama and tea parties.
- **Bing-mei (Our Little Lamb)** was given the ultimate luxury: the chance to grow up enveloped in pure, safe, and nurturing affection, transforming his tragic protagonist fate into a life of absolute domestic bliss.
- And even **Bing-ge (The Tyrant Emperor)**... for the first time in his blood-soaked, lonely existence, encountered a human soul who looked at him with profound, gentle pity rather than paralyzing terror or hollow greed.

The True Definition

Therefore, the title of "Snow Lotus" in this story was never an insult. It never meant "weak," and it certainly didn't mean "fragile."

Instead, it represented something infinitely more powerful...

It meant a flower that is exquisitely beautiful and tender, yet possesses the quiet, indomitable strength to bloom in the darkest depths of winter, stubbornly forcing its way through the ice to offer warmth, healing, and absolute hope to everyone around it—even in the midst of the freezing cold.

A Secret and the Calm Before the Storm

Tianlang-jun and Zhuzhi-lang tacitly agreed to keep the bizarre, uninvited visitation of Bing-ge an absolute secret, never breathing a word of it to anyone else. Naturally, Shen Yuan was more than happy to do the same, perfectly content to bury the memory of that terrifying canon tyrant deep within his mind.

With the multiversal glitch safely resolved, the sweet, comfortable days of domestic peace returned to the modern apartment once more. Shen Yuan happily went back to his routine of lounging, snacking, and doting on his giant half-demon puppy.

Until one fateful afternoon, when Liu Qingge unexpectedly materialized through the rift.

The War God’s Absolute Blitzkrieg

The fearsome War God of Bai Zhan Peak marched into the living room, looking uncharacteristically stiff. Without saying a word, he thrust a beautifully wrapped gift straight into Shen Yuan’s hands.

Shen Yuan blinked, completely startled by the sudden presentation.

Liu Qingge cleared his throat, his gaze awkwardly darting around the room. "I... am not entirely sure how to say this properly," he grunted, a sudden, fierce crimson blush rapidly creeping up his neck and flooding his entire face. "But Mingyan strictly told me that if I do not take the initiative to do something right now, absolutely nothing will ever progress between us."

Shen Yuan tilted his head, his modern brain completely blanking out. "Uh, progress what—?"

Before he could finish the thought, Liu Qingge braced his shoulders, looked Shen Yuan dead in the eye, and blurted out with the raw, unfiltered force of a military command:

"Shen Yuan! Please marry me!"

The System Crash

CRASH!

The words had barely left the War God’s mouth when the kitchen door swung open with apocalyptic force. Luo Binghe aggressively stormed out into the living room, wielding a spatula like a deadly spiritual weapon, his eyes blazing with absolute, unmitigated betrayal.

"Liu Qingge, you absolute, dirty cheater!" Luo Binghe roared, his voice practically shaking the ceiling fans. "What happened to our pact?! We explicitly agreed that all of us would propose to Yuan-Shizun at the exact same time! How dare you sneak behind our backs?!"

...Wait. ALL of us?!

As the realization of what Luo Binghe had just casually leaked hit him, the blood instantly rushed straight to Shen Yuan's face, turning him a violent shade of scarlet. His eyes widened into dinner plates, his jaw dropped, and his entire cognitive faculty completely collapsed under the sheer weight of the impending interdimensional harem crisis.

ShenYuan.exe has stopped working.

Windows error noises echoed loudly inside his mind as the legendary Snow Lotus stood frozen in the middle of his own living room, thoroughly blue-screened by reality.

The Lightning Multi-Proposal

In a spectacular, whirlwind turn of events that defied all laws of romance and traditional *xianxia* logic, a thoroughly blue-screened Shen Yuan somehow found himself accepting this impromptu, terrifyingly efficient group marriage proposal.

How did it even reach this point? The logic behind each of his newly minted, interdimensional fiances was a masterpiece of beautifully chaotic reasoning :

The Peak Lords's Premium Bundle

- **Yue Qingyuan:** For the grand Sect Master, this arrangement was the ultimate victory. Not only could he now legally and thoroughly dote on Shen Yuan with his endless resources, but he also managed to score a premium, non-refundable double-package deal(?) by bringing his beloved, prickly Shen Jiu into the household right alongside him.
- **Liu Qingge:** The ferocious War God had been utterly smitten from the very first moment he laid eyes on the modern youth. He had cluelessly recounted the encounter to his sister, Liu Mingyan, who immediately stared at her muscle-brained brother and bluntly broke the news: *"Dear brother, you are severely, tragically in love."*
- **Shen Qingqiu:** By the time the elegant scholar finally snapped out of his tsundere denial, he realized he was already deeply in love with the youth. And since this specific timeline completely lacked any problematic "taboo master-disciple relationship baggage" (a colorful modern term he proudly learned from Shen Ling), he figured he had every single right to claim his stake!
- **Mu Qingfang:** The gentle physician had originally intended to just watch over the youth from a supportive, professional distance. But honestly, how could a simple long-distance friendship ever compete with the daily joy of cohabitation? Besides, Shen Yuan was a marvelous conversationalist, possessed an astonishingly vast encyclopedia of worldly knowledge, and, let’s be entirely real—was an exceptional source of medical research funding!

The Demons and The Sugar Daddy

- **Zhuzhi-lang:** His devotion was born from pure, unfiltered gratitude. Shen Yuan was the only person in any realm who looked past his terrifying snake form and saw the gentle soul underneath, giving him the immense courage to finally embrace his true identity.
- **Tianlang-jun:** The ancient Demon Sovereign frankly just wanted to join the chaotic dogpile. Having devoured mountains of modern web novels during his visits, he discovered a highly fascinating contemporary concept and decided he absolutely wanted to try his hand at being a sweet, incredibly wealthy "Sugar Daddy" to his favorite Snow Lotus.

The Ultimate Winner

And finally, **Luo Binghe.**

The devoted, fiercely loyal young man who had loved Shen Yuan with every fiber of his being since his tender childhood years. In his eyes, a debt of gentleness must always be repaid tenfold with absolute kindness, and a debt of love must always be returned tenfold with unwavering, eternal devotion.

Armed with his legendary, five-star culinary skills, his infinite puppy-dog eyes, and his now legally approved status, the triumphant little lamb was more than ready to spend the rest of eternity pampering his beloved Shizun to his heart's content.

(˘‿˘).。*♡

The Grand Multi-World Wedding Tour

With the massive collective proposal successfully finalized, the newly formed interdimensional fiance coalition reached a unanimous decision: it was time to whisk Shen Yuan away to the cultivation world for the grandest wedding ceremony across multiple realms.

Shen Yuan was absolutely thrilled to finally see the legendary Cang Qiong Mountain Sect with his own eyes. However, the other Peak Lords who weren't part of the marriage package were infinitely *more* thrilled—they finally got to lay their eyes on the mythical, heavily guarded "Snow Lotus" of the century!

The wedding at Cang Qiong Mountain was a spectacular, breathtakingly lavish affair. Clad in magnificent, flowing red silk robes, Shen Yuan officially wedded his elite Peak Lord husbands, instantly crowning himself as the most radiant, effortlessly stunning little Snow Lotus in the entire cultivation world(?).

But the celebration didn't stop there. Once the righteous sects had thrown their grand banquet, the party moved straight down into the Demon Realm for Round Two. Inside the colossal underground palace, a second, equally extravagant wedding was held to seal his union with the three supreme Heavenly Demons.

Caught up in the joyous, chaotic energy of the festivities, Shen Yuan decided to introduce a fun modern tradition to the ancient cultivation world: the classic bridal bouquet toss.

At the Cang Qiong Mountain reception, the flying bouquet was caught in a spectacular leap by a delighted Ning Yingying. Meanwhile, down in the demonic underground palace, the flowers hurtled through the air and smacked a thoroughly bewildered Shang Qinghua straight in the face.

To ensure absolute domestic fairness, a flawless custody schedule was officially drafted: the human immortals and the demon royalty agreed to split the weeks equally, allowing Shen Yuan to reside at Cang Qiong Mountain and the Demon Realm for one alternating month at a time. It was, without a doubt, a beautifully harmonious and blissfully happy ending to a wildest web novel plot imaginable~

Bonuss Content & Behind-the-Scrnes Lore

- **Note 1 (The Hair Transformation Crisis):** The moment Shen Yuan stepped through the dimensional portal, Mu Qingfang immediately handed him a top-tier, highly concentrated immortal elixir designed to rapidly grow out his modern hair into long, silky tresses that perfectly fit the standard *xianxia* aesthetic. From that day on, a strict morning routine was established: Shen Qingqiu took full charge of elegantly styling and braiding his hair daily, while Luo Binghe happily took over the responsibilities of giving full-body massages, thoroughly scrubbing him clean during bath time, and meticulously slathering him in premium, hydrating skincare lotions(?).

- **Note 2 (The Unexpected Secondary Ship):** Not long after the bouquet toss, Ning Yingying, Liu Mingyan, and Sha Hualing actually ended up getting married to each other! As it turned out, the three formidable ladies had been aggressively flirting and courting one another completely off-screen this entire time!
- **Note 3 (The Author's Ultimate Promotion):** True to the prophecy of the bouquet, Shang Qinghua was eventually, officially wedded as the grand Wangfei (Prince Consort) of the Northern Desert. He ruled his icy domain with immense pride, forever remaining the absolute, deeply pampered favorite of Mobei-jun.
- **Note 4 (The New Age of Harmony):** Humans, demons, and cultivators learned to coexist in absolute peace and harmony. It marked the dawn of a brand-new, incredibly prosperous golden era that absolutely everyone thoroughly enjoyed~

The Luxurious Life of an Interdimensional Spouse

Life in the *Proud Immortal Demon Way* world was, at least initially, an absolute blast for Shen Yuan. He filled his days with an incredibly chaotic, high-society itinerary that kept him thoroughly entertained across multiple realms.

He went on thrilling night-hunts with Liu Qingge, scaling majestic mountains and vanquishing mythical beasts just for the adrenaline rush.

He even went on casual brothel-hopping trips with Shen Qingqiu! But before anyone could call the cultivation police, it was completely wholesome—they were literally just visiting the lovely ladies of the red-light district to happily announce that they were now happily married, deeply devoted, and living their absolute best lives.

When he wasn't socializing, Shen Yuan put his modern brain to work. Partnering with Mu Qingfang, he spearheaded a massive, revolutionary research project to reverse-engineer modern daily luxuries into proper *xianxia* standards. Thanks to his encyclopedic knowledge, the cultivation world was suddenly introduced to high-grade laundry detergents, moisturizing body washes, scented body lotions, herbal shampoos, deep-conditioning hair masks, and premium organic cosmetics.

A Packed Royalty Schedule

His domestic life was equally jam-packed with premium treatment:

- He spent his mornings casually sitting right on Yue Qingyuan’s lap, acting as the ultimate, pampered assistant while the Sect Master happily reviewed piles of sect paperwork.
- He went on luxurious, all-expenses-paid sightseeing tours across the Demon Realm, flanked by his doting Sugar Daddy, Tianlang-jun, and a highly attentive little Zhuzhi-lang.

- He held highly classified, weekly gossip summits with the newly crowned Wangfei of the Northern Desert, Shang Qinghua, where they aggressively ranted about plot holes over tea.
- And finally, he spent his evenings lounging directly on the obsidian throne alongside Emperor Luo Binghe, playing the role of the supreme counselor while listening to the complicated, terrifying grievances of trembling demon lords.

The Ultimate Otaku Withdrawal

However, after doing all of this for a prolonged period of time... the shiny novelty of the fantasy world inevitably began to wear off.

A horrifying reality finally set in. One afternoon, the grand, universally adored Snow Lotus was found aggressively rolling back and forth on his impossibly soft, luxurious silk-sheeted bed in a state of absolute, unmitigated protest.

Sure, he had supreme power, endless wealth, legendary beauty, and a harem of god-tier husbands catering to his every whim. But none of that mattered anymore.

His soul was currently experiencing the fatal, agonizing stages of severe modern technology withdrawal. Clutching his fluffy pillows and kicking his legs in a dramatic tantrum, his inner monologue screamed in pure despair.

He didn't want another rare spiritual beast! He didn't want another chest of demon gold! He wanted his smartphone! He wanted his high-spec gaming PC! He wanted his unrestricted, high-speed fiber-optic internet connection!

The Grand Modern Treaty

As it turned out, the solution to this ultimate modern crisis was nothing short of a geopolitical masterpiece.

In a shocking revelation, it was discovered that cultivation actually existed in Shen Yuan’s original modern world, and the human government was fully aware of it (a classified secret that Shen Qingqiu had casually overheard from Shen Jiuying). Seizing this golden opportunity, Emperor Luo Binghe stepped up as the official diplomatic representative to negotiate a historic interdimensional treaty with the modern government.

The terms were incredibly beneficial for both sides. Cang Qiong Mountain Sect agreed to provide the modern world with ancient, esoteric medical knowledge and rare mythical resources to cure rare, incurable human diseases for the greater good of humanity(?).

In exchange, the government permitted the permanent opening of a tiny, highly secure dimensional rift—specifically designed to run a massive, heavy-duty LAN cable straight from the modern world right into Cang Qiong Mountain.

The Industrial Revolution of Cang Qiong

Shang Qinghua eagerly rushed to present this brilliant proposal to a weeping Shen Yuan. With the plan approved, the two transmigrators made a swift trip back to the modern world. Using Shen Yuan's substantial family wealth, they purchased high-efficiency industrial power generators.

Back in the *xianxia* realm, they heavily modified the machinery to run entirely on the natural hydro-energy of Cang Qiong Mountain's majestic waterfalls. Within weeks, Shen Yuan and Shang Qinghua completely transformed the ancient peaks, stockpiling an endless supply of modern appliances and electronic gadgets.

The ultimate otaku checklist was finally complete:

- Electricity ✔️
- Electrical Appliances ✔️
- Electronic Devices ✔️
- High-Speed Internet ✔️

With all of these essentials secured, Shen Yuan truly wanted for nothing else in this life!

The Ultimate Victory of Life

He had successfully built the ultimate, multi-dimensional comfort zone, surrounded by a custom-tailored collection of god-tier companions:

- **The Warm and Doting Older Brother:** Yue Qingyuan – Get!
- **The Sarcastic Brother & Personal Hair Stylist:** Shen Qingqiu – Get!
- **The Kind Doctor & Mythical Plant Research Partner:** Mu Qingfang – Get!
- **The War God Ready to Take You Sword-Racing:** Liu Qingge – Get!
- **The Loyal Tea-Time Gossip Bestie:** Shang Qinghua – Get!
- **The Perfect, All-Powerful House Husband:** Luo Binghe – Get!
- **The Compliant Little Snake Who Never Argues:** Zhuzhi-lang – Get!
- **The Ultimate, Over-the-Top Rich Sugar Daddy:** Tianlang-jun – Get!
- **The Unconditionally Loyal, Fluffy Puppy:** Bing-mei – Get!

Sitting comfortably in an air-conditioned ancient pavilion, browsing the modern internet while a demon lord massaged his shoulders and an immortal sect leader handed him snacks, the truth was undeniable.

The absolute, undisputed winner of the multiverse: Shen Yuan – Victory of Life(?)

Chapter 3: Snow Lotus AU - Bonus I

The Rise of the Demonic Sugar Daddy

During their quiet, lazy rest days, Shen Yuan would frequently slip into his comfortable modern vernacular, casually addressing Tianlang-jun by his favorite newly acquired title.

"Daddy~" Shen Yuan would coo from the couch, lazily stretching his arms. "A-Yuan wants to eat those premium tribute lychees from the Demon Realm. Peel them for me~"

Every single time this happened, the entire living room would instantly freeze. A dozen elite cultivators and demon lords would violently whip their heads around, their eyes blazing with sheer, unmitigated confusion. *Who on earth is this 'Daddy' person, and why is this modern youth addressing a terrifying ancient sovereign with such scandalous familiarity?!*

Tianlang-jun, however, would absolutely beam with pride. Thoroughly delighted by his role, he would immediately spring into action. "Right away, Yuan-er! Anything for you!"

The Contagious Slang

The real linguistic crisis began when Luo Binghe inevitably picked up the habit.

The half-demon youth started using the word for two very specific reasons: firstly, he was completely hardwired to mimic every single thing that came out of his Shizun's mouth, and secondly—well, biologically speaking, that *was* his actual father! (≧▽≦)

Consequently, whenever Luo Binghe was busy whip-pan frying a five-star meal in the kitchen and suddenly ran out of a specific ingredient, he would casually shout over the counter without looking:

"Daddy! Hand me the extra seasoning from the pantry!"

Snap!

Once again, the remaining Peak Lords would collectively whip their heads around, their necks nearly snapping from the sheer whiplash. The sight of a terrifying, world-conquering Demon Emperor casually yelling "Daddy" across a modern kitchen was an absolute assault on their traditional *xianxia* senses.

But Tianlang-jun was floating on cloud nine. His ego had never been higher. Not only was he a beautifully wealthy Sugar Daddy to the lovely Snow Lotus, but he was now apparently a highly efficient, useful, and adored household patriarch to his overpowered son! ???

The Ultimate Linguistic Infection

As the weeks rolled on, the situation devolved into absolute, beautiful chaos.

Because the two main troublemakers used the word so constantly and casually around the house, the rest of the husbands in the polyamorous household found themselves subconsciously brainwashed. One by one, the elite Peak Lords of Cang Qiong Mountain began accidentally dropping the word "Daddy" when addressing Tianlang-jun, completely slipping up due to sheer exposure to the domestic routine.

The absolute, sole survivor of this linguistic plague was Zhuzhi-lang.

Whenever the rest of the room fell into the "Daddy" trap, the loyal snake demon would just stand in the corner, his brow furrowing in deep, agonizing bewilderment as his inner monologue aggressively protested:

Tianlang-jun is my Junshang! He is my maternal uncle! An uncle is absolutely NOT a father, let alone a 'Daddy'! What is wrong with all of you people?!

The Grand Master’s Boredom

During his days as a frail, chronically ill young master in the modern world, Shen Yuan’s absolute favorite pastime had been playing chess. Now that he had high-speed internet in the *xianxia* realm, he could easily play online matches all day long.

However, he quickly grew bored of the online queue. Why? Because he was simply too overpowered. Despite his weak and fragile exterior, he was actually a former youth chess champion back in his own world! He knew how to play traditional Chinese chess and Go as well, but he was far too lazy for those—the board variations were simply too exhausting for a pampered Snow Lotus.

Suddenly, a brilliant idea sparked in his mind.

Clutching his tea, he turned to Qi-ge with sparkling eyes, announcing that he wanted to officially introduce and teach Western chess to the disciples of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect. Naturally, the very first group of victims to be drafted into his classroom were none other than his devoted husbands, closely followed by the unfortunate disciples of Qing Jing Peak.

The Trans-Dimensional Question

The lessons started off smoothly enough, but it didn't take long for the ancient cultivators to hit a massive, unanimous road bump. As they stared down at the checkered board, a deeply

profound, entirely accidental theological question arose among the students.

"Shizun," one of the disciples asked, scratching his head in sheer bewilderment. "There is something about this game that makes absolutely no sense."

The rest of the husbands and disciples nodded aggressively in agreement. They had successfully memorized the basic rules: the King was the Emperor, the Knight was the noble armored warrior, the Rook was the grand chariot, and the Queen was the Empress.

"Why is it," Luo Binghe chimed in, frowning intensely at his piece, "that when a tiny, lowly Pawn manages to march all the way to the very top of the enemy's side... it suddenly transforms into a Queen?"

The entire classroom plunged into deep, agonizing confusion. In their traditional, patriarchal *xianxia* minds, a Pawn was the literal equivalent of a foot soldier—a man!

How on earth could a burly, battle-hardened male foot soldier cross the front lines and instantly transition into the Supreme Empress of the realm?! Was this some sort of forbidden, high-level demonic transformation technique? What kind of wild, bizarre modern logic was this?!

Note :

(The Author's Internal Crisis): To be completely honest, the author themselves had been plagued by this exact, agonizing question for ages! (Haha!) It is one of those universal, mind-boggling chess mysteries that haunts every single player to the point where it has naturally become a legendary meme.

Just try to visualize it for a second...

Picture a burly, hardworking foot soldier. He spends the entire match covered in dirt, bravely dodging enemy knights and charging chariots, fighting for his life to reach the absolute end of the board. The very moment his foot touches the final tile—*POOF!*—his rugged armor instantly morphs into a massive, heavily frilled, elegant Victorian gown. The poor soldier stands there in absolute, paralyzed shock, staring down at his new skirt like: *Wait... why on earth did I have to become the Queen?!*

Sensing an opportunity to justify his own questionable writing choices, Shang Qinghua would immediately slam his hands on the table and declare this the ultimate cosmic truth: "You see? This right here is the ancient, primordial blueprint for cross-dressing! It all traces back to the Pawn-to-Queen pipeline!"

In reality, if we are strictly following the official rules of chess, this phenomenon is simply called **Pawn Promotion**. Technically, a lowly pawn has the glorious potential to evolve into almost any other piece on the board. However, because the Queen happens to be the most terrifyingly overpowered piece with the ultimate range of movement, players naturally choose to drag their poor foot soldiers into absolute drag-queen royalty every single time.

The Academic Strategy of Qing Jing Peak

Introducing Western chess was actually a brilliant pedagogical move for the scholars of Qing Jing Peak. It allowed for a fascinating comparative study against traditional Go (Weiqi). By mastering both, the young strategists learned that when the fundamental rules of engagement shift, their tactical mindset must completely adapt—a true general can never remain rigidly bound to a single philosophy.

Predictably, the moment Qing Jing Peak officially decreed that disciples could choose between the two as their primary elective, the students overwhelmingly swarmed the chess tables. They foolishly thought chess was the easier option because the board was smaller and the rules felt more direct.

Oh, how quickly they would regret that choice!

They soon realized the brutal truth: in Go, if you make a tactical misstep, the vastness of the board allows you to pivot, play defensively, and gradually fix your game. But in chess? A single, careless lapse in judgment could instantly lead to a devastating, inescapable checkmate.

The Ultimate Strategic Breakdown

Through his lessons, Shen Yuan masterfully summarized the core philosophies of both games for his class :

Go (Weiqi)

The ancient game taught the art of macro-management:

- The creation and expansion of territory.
- The ability to always look at the absolute bigger picture.
- The virtue of profound patience.
- The sacrifice of minor local areas to secure a massive global advantage.
- The slow, meticulous accumulation of subtle victories.
  It was a game perfectly designed for ruling a nation or managing a grand cultivation sect.

Chess ♟

Western chess, conversely, taught the harsh realities of active combat:

- The efficient utilization of strictly limited resources.
- The art of calculated piece trading (Trade).
- The absolute necessity of tactical sacrifices (Sacrifice).
- The ruthless targeting of the enemy's weakest link.
- The hyper-precise calculation of sequential moves (Calculation).
- The split-second adaptability needed to survive sudden emergencies.
  It was a game built entirely for commanding a bloody battlefield.

The Paradox of the Overworked Slacker

Having accidentally institutionalized Western chess into the core curriculum of the scholar peak, Shen Yuan unexpectedly found himself officially instated as Qing Jing Peak's resident Guest Lecturer.

One evening, during their usual household daily meeting—which had effectively turned into a highly organized polyamorous cabinet briefing—the exhausted Snow Lotus suddenly slumped against the table and let out a deeply aggrieved groan.

"Wait a minute..." Shen Yuan grumbled, rubbing his temples in utter disbelief. "How on earth did an elite, professional slacker like me suddenly lose the right to be a slacker?!"

His daily itinerary had become horrifyingly packed. In the mornings, Liu Qingge would drag him out for "light, casual physical therapy," which actually consisted of grueling cardio routines designed to build up his frail immortal endurance. In the afternoons, Shen Qingqiu would strictly drill him on the basic, elegant sword forms of Qing Jing Peak. And to top it all off, he had to spend his remaining hours lecturing rowdy cultivation teenagers on the complex tactical theories of Pawn Promotion.

The Labor Strike of the Snow Lotus

Sitting across from him, elegantly sipping his tea, Shen Qingqiu didn't offer a single shred of sympathy. He merely smirked behind his fan and remarked dryly, "A-Yuan, you brought this entirely upon yourself."

Shen Yuan instantly puffed his cheeks out in an aggressive, deeply offended pout. Realizing he wouldn't get any emotional support from the resident tsundere scholar, he immediately pivoted, turning his wide, sparkling puppy-dog eyes toward the ultimate source of absolute authority and bottomless bank accounts.

He aggressively marched over to Yue Qingyuan, thrusting both of his palms wide open right in front of the grand Sect Master's face.

"Qi-ge!" Shen Yuan demanded, his voice dripping with playful, spoiled indignation. "A-Yuan is actively working now! A-Yuan wants an official monthly salary!"

The Xian Shu Literary Revolution

Naturally, the chess craze rapidly spread beyond the scholarly peaks, taking the beautiful maidens of Xian Shu Peak entirely by storm. Along with the game came Shang Qinghua’s completely fabricated, deeply scandalous historical theory that Pawn Promotion was the ancient, primordial origin of cross-dressing.

Upon hearing this, Liu Mingyan’s eyes instantly flashed with a brilliant, predatory writer's light. The legendary web novel author immediately locked herself in her quarters, aggressively grinding out a brand-new, top-tier manuscript. The core premise? A highly dramatic romance entirely centered around a certain pure, delicate Snow Lotus who was forced to master the divine art of cross-dressing!

Even the fierce Peak Master, Qi Qingqi, had completely fallen victim to Shen Yuan's charms after their first meeting, finding the modern youth utterly adorable. Thus, when the ladies of Xian Shu Peak invited Shen Yuan over, the poor, oblivious Snow Lotus walked straight into a meticulously planned trap laid out by his own sister-in-law circle. Before he could even process what was happening, he was thoroughly pampered, heavily made up, and successfully transformed into a breathtakingly beautiful maiden.

The Evening Homecoming

When evening arrived, the newly minted "maiden" finally trudged back home to face the husband cabinet. The moment Shen Yuan stepped through the doorway, the entire living room fell into a stunned, paralyzing silence. For a few agonizing seconds, they literally could not recognize their own spouse.

Then, the domestic chaos exploded in spectacular fashion.

Tianlang-jun let out a delighted, musical giggle, thoroughly enjoying the view. Liu Qingge’s brain completely short-circuited as a fierce, fiery crimson blush violently flooded his entire face. Luo Binghe’s eyes instantly turned into massive, teary puppy-dog discs as he prepared to launch himself forward to aggressively spoil his lovely Shizun.

Meanwhile, Shen Qingqiu’s eyebrow twitched violently in pure tsundere disbelief, while Yue Qingyuan just offered a profoundly warm, incredibly gentle smile, softly praising, "A-Yuan, you look absolutely lovely."

The Abduction of the Wangfei

Standing in the corner, Shang Qinghua—who had merely dropped by to borrow some high-speed internet—looked at Shen Yuan’s elegant dress and let out a loud, completely unstoppable, wheezing laugh.

"Pfft—hahaha! The Pawn Promotion pipeline is real!" Shang Qinghua cackled, pointing a finger.

Deeply humiliated and thoroughly irritated by the chaotic situation, Shen Yuan aggressively lunged forward and began violently smacking Shang Qinghua over the head with his war fan. The chaotic domestic violence was only cut short when a sudden blast of freezing air filled the room. Mobei-jun materialized out of thin air, smoothly scooped up his cackling,

hysterical Northern Wangfei by the waist, and silently carried him back to the icy wastes to avoid further assault.

With the author successfully evacuated, the focus shifted right back to the center of the room. Luo Binghe suddenly let out a low growl of pure, unadulterated desire and aggressively leapt toward his cross-dressed spouse—forcing a panicked Zhuzhi-lang to quickly grab the Demon Emperor by his robes and desperately haul him backward before the situation turned highly dangerous for everyone's virtue inside the living room! ???

The Sweet Revenge of the Snow Lotus

Having been thoroughly victimized by the cross-dressing trap, the pure, delicate Snow Lotus decided it was time to show his fangs. Shen Yuan sat on the couch, slowly curling his lips into a dazzling, blindingly sweet, and utterly sinister smile.

Turning toward his imposing panel of powerful husbands, he clasped his hands together and began to sway gently, unleashing the ultimate, weaponized cuteness. "Since A-Yuan had to do it," he cooed, his voice dripping with pure honeyed malice, "then all of you beautiful people absolutely have to do it with me too~ No excuses!"

His primary targets for this grand aesthetic execution? The haughty, elegant Shen Qingqiu; the fierce, hot-blooded Liu Qingge; and, of course, the supreme, world-conquering Emperor Luo Binghe himself!

The Cross-Dressing Coalition

The ladies of Xian Shu Peak were immediately summoned back to the apartment, and Qi Qingqi in particular was having the absolute time of her life. She aggressively took command of the makeup vanity, ordering her disciples to fetch the finest silk robes and premium cosmetics available in the cultivation world.

An unexpected, historic breakthrough in sect relations occurred right there in the middle of the dressing room. As Qi Qingqi was meticulously painting fine cosmetic lines onto a profoundly disgruntled, heavily radiating-murderous Shen Qingqiu, she suddenly realized all her long-standing, deep-seated prejudices against the scholar were completely evaporating into thin air.

After all, looking at the breathtakingly elegant, albeit deeply furious, "maiden" sitting in front of her, Qi Qingqi reached a very logical conclusion.

Why hold a petty grudge against someone when they look this exceptionally gorgeous?! As it turned out, the ultimate antidote to centuries of sect rivalry was simply a top-tier, multi-dimensional makeover party!

The Accidental Leaked Media

Naturally, in a household equipped with high-speed fiber-optic internet and modern smartphones, someone from the husband cabinet was bound to take photographic evidence. A series of high-definition, highly incriminating photos of the legendary Peak Masters and the Demon Emperor in full, breathtaking maiden attire were instantly captured.

And, of course, thanks to the interdimensional LAN cable, those very photos were immediately sent across reality straight into the chat log of Shen Jiuying.

Shen Jiuying's original plan was entirely innocent—well, as innocent as a brother's teasing could be. He fully intended to just quietly save the folder as a personal, hilarious keepsake to laugh at whenever he was stressed. However, in a catastrophic moment of modern technological clumsiness, his finger slipped. He accidentally forwarded the entire cross-dressing catalog directly into the Shen Family Group Chat.

The Rise of the Shen Publishing Empire

Enter Mama Shen.

The moment the formidable matriarch laid her eyes on the folder of absolute, otherworldly beauties, her sharp business instincts flared to life. Ignoring the fact that her youngest son was casually surrounded by a cultivation harem, she immediately ordered her corporate publishing house to print a limited-edition, premium photo magazine titled *The Peerless Beauties Collection* and put it up for mass market sale.

The magazine didn't just sell well—it sold like absolute wildfire, completely breaking all modern retail records. Thoroughly emboldened by the massive profit margins, Mama Shen immediately demanded a sequel, assembling a top-tier professional photography crew equipped with high-end cameras and stylistic props for a brand-new themed shoot.

Luo Binghe, eager to please his formidable modern mother-in-law, willingly acted as the interdimensional chauffeur. Drawing the legendary Xin Mo sword, the Demon Emperor opened a massive reality rift and casually escorted the entire modern camera crew straight into the *xianxia* world.

The Ultimate Multiversal Cosplay Phenomenon

The moment the professional photographers stepped through the portal and laid eyes on the residents of Cang Qiong Mountain and the Demon Realm, they nearly fainted from pure aesthetic overload. In their eyes, these weren't just subjects—every single person in the vicinity possessed the flawless bone structure and ethereal aura of a god-tier supermodel!

Without wasting a single second, the crew aggressively drafted the entire husband cabinet. Before they knew it, the Peak Masters and ancient sovereigns were casually posing as high-fashion runway models.

When the next volume hit the shelves, the global *Proud Immortal Demon Way* fandom absolutely exploded into utter hysteria. Luo Binghe hadn't bothered to disguise his demonic heritage during the shoot, proudly flaunting his glowing crimson Heavenly Demon crest (*Zhui Yin*) right under the studio lights.

The fans completely lost their minds, universally convincing themselves that this was the most legendary, high-budget, ultra-realistic cosplay project in human history, fully funded by the mysterious, billionaire Shen Corporation.

The massive wave of fandom hype instantly triggered a domino effect. The demand was so ravenous that the publishing company had to go into non-stop, emergency reprinting mode—not just for the new model edition, but for the original, highly coveted cross-dressing magazine, cementing the Snow Lotus and his gorgeous husbands as the ultimate, multi-dimensional pop icons!

The Fan-Service Masterpiece

To express his profound gratitude to their booming global fanbase, Shen Yuan decided to take matters into his own hands. Armed with a high-end modern video camera, the ultimate Snow Lotus assumed the role of director, traversing the peaks to shoot an exclusive behind-the-scenes thank-you vlog.

The footage was a flawless masterpiece of raw martial prowess and ethereal fan service:

- He captured a thrilling, cinematic sequence of Luo Binghe and Liu Qingge engaged in an intensely fierce, sparks-flying sword duel, their movements blurring with terrifying speed.
- He filmed Shen Qingqiu executing the legendary *Flying Leaves and Plucking Flowers* technique, looking devastatingly cool as razor-sharp foliage danced majestically around his flowing robes.
- He swung by the medical hall to find Mu Qingfang diligently grinding rare herbs in a mortar, who then casually turned toward the lens to deliver a heart-melting, devastatingly handsome doctor's smile.
- He traveled to the Demon Realm, where Tianlang-jun flashed a dashing, roguish smirk at the camera while a stoic, loyal Zhuzhi-lang stood perfectly at attention right behind him like the ultimate bodyguard.
- He went up to Qiong Ding Peak to capture Yue Qingyuan gracefully pouring tea, embodying the absolute pinnacle of serene, dignified Sect Master elegance.
- And finally, he sneaked into An Ding Peak to film a hilariously frantic Shang Qinghua, who was aggressively spinning around in his chair while speed-running a mountain of logistics paperwork.

The Rainbow Bridge Sequence

Toward the end of the shoot, Shang Qinghua happily took over the camera duties to film the director himself.

The lens focused on a breathtaking morning scene atop the Rainbow Bridge. Bathed in the soft, golden hues of the early sunrise, a beautifully dressed Shen Yuan turned toward the camera and offered a blindingly sweet, incredibly radiant smile. The sheer purity of the shot was enough to instantly purify the souls of anyone watching.

When the thank-you video was officially uploaded to the modern internet, the global fandom completely crashed the servers.

The standard, free streaming version was nowhere near enough to satisfy the ravenous fans. Millions of netizens aggressively flooded the comment sections, practically begging and throwing their wallets at the screen to buy an uncompressed, ultra-high-definition 4K physical edition just to preserve the heavenly visuals forever.

And naturally, seeing another golden business opportunity, Mama Shen immediately made it happen! Without a single moment of hesitation, the Shen Corporation authorized an emergency mass production of the 4K Blu-ray collectors' box sets, ensuring that the entire modern world could worship the Peak Masters in crystal-clear definition.

Chapter 4: Snow Lotus AU - Bonus II

The Blood Letters of the Fandom

The global *Proud Immortal Demon Way* fandom and the newly converted fashionistas—who were entirely convinced that Shen Yuan and his entourage were just exceptionally gorgeous rookie models heavily backed by the billionaire Shen family—completely lost their minds.

They began sending thousands of desperate pleas, begging emails, and literal blood letters(?) to the Shen Corporation's headquarters. Their sole demand? They begged the beautiful, pampered youngest son of the Shen family to gather his ethereal model squad and film more *PIDW*-themed vlogs and high-fashion photo shoots.

Always a master businesswoman, Mama Shen immediately took to the internet. She published a highly anticipated public poll, asking the ravenous fanbase: *"If our beloved Young Master Shen were to host a series of travel and lifestyle vlogs across his 'fantasy world,' which iconic locations would you be most desperate to see?"*

The voting ballot was a magnificent list of legendary locations :

The Immortal Realm :

- Cang Qiong Mountain Sect and its twelve majestic peaks.
- Tian Yi Overlook (The Convent).
- Zhao Hua Temple (The Buddhist Monastery).
- Huan Hua Palace (The Palace of Illusion).

The Demon Realm :

- The Grand Underground Palace.
- The Northern Ice Castle.
- The Royal Vaults(?).
- The Demonic Imperial Throne Room.

The Travel Vlogger of the Multiverse

Staring at the list, the fans experienced a collective mental breakdown. Every single location sounded too legendary to pass up, making it absolutely impossible to choose just one.

Seeing her customers struggle, Mama Shen generously passed the final decision over to her youngest son.

Shen Yuan took one look at the poll and thought, *Well, this actually sounds incredibly fun!* He happily agreed to turn the project into a multi-part travel series, declaring that he would personally visit and shoot a high-end vlog at every single location on the list.

There was, however, one tiny tactical adjustment.

"We will do Zhao Hua Temple and Tian Yi Overlook together in a single, rushed episode," Shen Yuan casually instructed the production team. "Firstly, they are located right next to each other geographically. And secondly—one is filled entirely with bald monks, and the other is filled entirely with celibate nuns! What on earth is there for the fans to look at?!"

VLOG Episode 1: The Peaks of Paradise

The premiere episode of the highly anticipated interdimensional travel vlog kicked off with a jaw-dropping, adrenaline-pumping opening sequence.

To show off the breathtaking, cloud-veiled landscapes of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect, Shen Yuan treated his viewers to a majestic, bird's-eye aerial tour. How? By casually utilizing the most premium, high-speed transportation service in the cultivation realm: **Uber Liu Qingge**. Clinging safely to the fiercely blushing War God's waist, Shen Yuan held the camera high as they soared effortlessly through the sky on the legendary Cheng Luan sword.

After completing their high-altitude joyride, the duo touched down on Qiong Ding Peak. Shen Yuan smoothly transitioned into tour-guide mode, showing the audience the daily training routines of the disciplined disciples, the grand Peak Masters' assembly hall, and eventually wandering deeper into the private offices of the Sect Master.

Sensing an opportunity for a bit of mischief, Shen Yuan sneaked his camera into Yue Qingyuan's personal quarters. He zoomed in on a meticulously preserved, beautifully displayed piece of official Shen Qingqiu merchandise—a rare collectible that Shen Yuan himself had casually gifted to the Sect Master.

"Look at this, guys," Shen Yuan whispered cheekily to the camera, letting out a soft snicker. "He actually keeps it in pristine, mint condition! What a dedicated fan~"

To wrap up their tour of the main peak, the scene beautifully faded into a cozy, heart-melting shot of Shen Yuan sitting on a sunlit veranda, happily munching on delicious traditional pastries while Qi-ge gently patted his head.

The Scholarly Sword Dance

Next, Shen Yuan hopped back onto **Uber Liu** to make his way over to the serene bamboo groves of Qing Jing Peak.

Upon arrival, they found Shen Qingqiu elegantly supervising his disciples as they ran through the basic, fluid movements of the Qing Jing sword form. Spotting his beloved spouse carrying a camera, the scholarly Peak Master raised an eyebrow and immediately summoned Shen Yuan over to join the demonstration.

With Shen Yuan drafted into the lineup, Liu Qingge grumpily but obediently took over camera duties.

Though his face was adorably scrunched up in a silent, pouting protest, Shen Yuan focused entirely on the task. He executed the elegant, flowing sword form with flawless precision, his silken robes swirling majestically in the breeze. Behind the lens, the fierce War God couldn't help but soft-heartedly mutter a rare, genuine compliment: *"Very well done."*

As the grueling practice session finally transitioned into a well-deserved recess, a wild Luo Binghe suddenly materialized in the frame.

The devoted demon pup had prepared the ultimate, high-class refreshment layout: a tray of wobbly, perfectly chilled modern milk puddings paired with refreshing iced tea. The vlog episode concluded with a breathtaking, picturesque shot of Shen Yuan and Shen Qingqiu sitting together at a small, rustic tea table, chatting peacefully as gentle green bamboo leaves slowly drifted down around them like a scene straight out of a high-budget fantasy film.

VLOG Episode 2: The Sword and the Slacker's Seals

The reception of the first vlog episode was an absolute, server-crashing sensation.

Naturally, the skeptical modern netizens were still thoroughly convinced that the jaw-dropping backdrops were just incredibly high-budget CGI and cinematic rendering. Oh, how wrong they were! Every single leaf, waterfall, and mountain peak was one hundred percent authentic.

For **VLOG EP.2**, the role of personal Uber driver was handed over to the elegant Shen Qingqiu, accompanied by a fluffy "White Lotus" version of Luo Binghe(?), who happily bustled along behind them, serving as the dedicated cameraman.

This excursion had a very special purpose. Just the day before, the husband cabinet had reached a unanimous, highly protective verdict: Shen Yuan absolutely needed a spiritual sword of his own. Thus, Shen Qingqiu acted as his personal coach, leading him to Wan Jian Peak (the Peak of Ten Thousand Swords) ruled by Wei Qingwei.

Shen Yuan rode on the back of Shen Qingqiu’s sword, while Luo Binghe flew alongside them on Xin Mo, carefully angling the camera to capture every majestic frame of the journey.

The moment Shen Yuan stepped off the sword, he was instantly greeted by an adorable, waddling welcoming committee—a swarm of chubby, domesticated pangolins bred by Wei Qingwei!

Being an absolute sucker for cute animals, Shen Yuan squealed and immediately scooped one up. Sensing his gentle nature, the other chubby pangolins eagerly waddled over, climbing and clinging onto the hem of his pristine robes like tiny, scaly barnacles.

A moment later, Wei Qingwei's jovial laughter echoed through the mountain breeze.

"Oho~ The little Snow Lotus finally graces Wan Jian Peak with his presence!"

Before the sentence could even fully leave his mouth, Shen Qingqiu whipped his head around and shot Wei Qingwei a glare of pure, icy daggers. Wei Qingwei instantly shut his mouth, coughed politely, and quickly ushered them toward the cavern of the Peak of Ten Thousand Swords.

The Legendary Sword: Jue Shi

Inside the cave, after receiving a brief tutorial on how to let a spiritual sword choose its master, Shen Yuan walked in with his loyal cameraman trailing closely behind. He walked for a bit, stopped in front of a specific cleft in the rock, and without a single shred of hesitation, placed his hand on a hilt and smoothly drew the blade.

He turned and flashed a blindingly bright, triumphant smile at Luo Binghe before walking straight back out.

Seeing him return so incredibly fast, Shen Qingqiu raised an eyebrow. "You didn't find one?"

Shen Yuan simply shook his head, proudly holding up the shimmering spiritual blade with a radiant grin. Shen Qingqiu offered a fond, rare smile in return, while Wei Qingwei let out an impressed, low whistle.

Shen Yuan admired the flawless craftsmanship of his new weapon, tracing the engraved characters near the hilt. The moment his eyes registered the name **"Jue Shi" (Peerless/Masterpiece)**, his eyebrow twitched violently.

Peerless...? Wait a minute. Combined with my username, Peerless Cucumber... is this damn sword literally called 'The Peerless Cucumber Sword'?!

The Sister Peaks of An Ding

Their next destination was An Ding Peak. Although An Ding was technically the third peak of the sect, Shen Yuan had insisted on getting his sword first so he could show it off to his best friend. But now that he knew the sword's ridiculous name, his enthusiasm had completely plummeted.

After a bit of reluctant dragging of his feet, they finally arrived at the logistical hub.

As Shen Yuan walked down the corridors toward Shang Qinghua's office, he cheerfully handed out White Rabbit creamy candies to the hardworking, perpetually stressed An Ding disciples he passed along the way.

He quietly slipped into Shang Qinghua's study. The Peak Lord was entirely absorbed in his work, using a custom jade seal that Shen Yuan had personally carved for him to stamp document after document.

Shang Qinghua's face was a theater of pure, unadulterated suffering—one second his brows were furrowed in deep concentration, the next he was clutching his temples in sheer agony. His expressions were so comically dramatic that Shen Yuan couldn't help but burst into a sudden, loud laugh.

"AAAH!" Shang Qinghua shrieked, nearly leaping out of his robes in a minor heart attack. "My God, Brother Cucumber! Don't scare a guy like that!"

Rubbing his chest to calm his beating heart, Shang Qinghua's eyes suddenly locked onto the brand-new weapon in his friend's hand. "Ooh! You got your sword! What's the name? Let me see!"

Shen Yuan winced, physically flinching backward.

Seeing his reaction, Shang Qinghua let out a knowing, sweet smirk. "Oh, come on. The name must be incredibly weird, right? It's fine, Brother Cucumber. My sword's name is a total disaster too."

Shen Yuan blinked. "What's yours called?"

With a dramatic flourish, Shang Qinghua unsheathed his spiritual sword, revealing the name proudly engraved on the metal: **"Fei Ji" (Airplane)**.

Shen Yuan stared at it, utterly speechless, before slowly drawing his own sword, **"Jue Shi" (Peerless)**, to show him.

The two transmigrators stared at the pair of swords resting side-by-side, and the real-world IDs of the legendary author and his fiercest hater instantly flashed through their minds:

"**Jue Shi Huang Gua** (Peerless Cucumber)!"

"**Xiang Tian Da Fei Ji** (Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky)!"

The two looked at each other and simultaneously burst into a chaotic, hysterical fit of laughter.

The Great Internet Melt Down

When that specific segment of the vlog aired, the *Proud Immortal Demon Way* online fandom experienced an absolute, unprecedented nuclear meltdown.

The comment section did not just explode; it shattered into a million pieces. The legendary usernames "Peerless Cucumber" and "Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky" were so deeply ingrained in the fandom's culture that the sudden, casual reveal of their real-world identities sent shockwaves across the entire internet.

Instantly, a chaotic storm of comments flooded the screen:

[PIDW_Trash_Can]: Oh my god, I am crying! Jue Shi Huang Gua, the legendary godfather of toxic hate-commenting, is actually alive?! 😂

[Cucumber_Slut]: Wait... so Peerless Cucumber is actually the wealthy, ethereal Young Master Shen Yuan?! The handsome billionaire heir who we thought was just a rookie model?! 😭 Cup size: Billionaire. Personality: Toxic Novel Critic.

[Sect_Master_Wife]: THE LEGENDARY CUCUMBER HAS REVEALED HIMSELF!!! 🥒✨

[Drama_Watcher_99]: Guys, drop everything! Run and watch the historical drama starring his sister, Shen Ling! Is this beautiful man actually her brother? Here's the link: *[Link to Shen Ling's Drama]*

[Plot_Hole_Hunter]: Hold up... did he just say "Xiang Tian Da Fei Ji"?!

[Mobei_Jun_Beloved]: Wait, Airplane Shooting Towards the Sky? The author of PIDW? Didn't everyone say he literally died or went missing years ago?! 💀

[System_Error]: Ah! It all makes sense now! If Young Master Shen himself is calling him "Fei Ji," then that must be the actual author! The god of plot holes is alive and working a desk job!

[Capitalist_Queen]: Hey, Airplane! Stop doing sect paperwork and start writing the sequel already! Or better yet, just sell the full adaptation rights to the Shen family, you'll be swimming in billions! 💸

[Update_Please]: AIRPLANE, PLEASE COME BACK AND WRITE! WE FORGIVE THE PAPAPA CHAPTERS!

[Cucumber_x_Airplane]: The toxic critic and the trash author... living together in a fantasy mountain sect? This is the most soulmate-coded, destiny-level ship in the history of literature! ❤️

[Cumplane_Shipper]: CUMPLANE BANZAI! 🙌🎉

VLOG Episode 3: The Northern Ice Kingdom

For **VLOG EP.3**, Shen Yuan decided to treat his viewers to a change of scenery. Moving away from the bamboo forests of Cang Qiong, he took everyone to the far north to fulfill a

frozen dream.

This particular episode was also a historical moment for the shipper community. The beloved "Cumplane" fans were about to find out that their trash author, Airplane, didn't just have a fictional ice demon in his drafts—he had a very real, very towering, and very possessive Ice King in the flesh!

To make this trip, Shen Yuan’s premium Uber for the day was none other than the Demon Emperor Luo Binghe himself, with the ever-reliable, grumbling Liu Qingge continuing his duties as the lead cameraman.

Serving as the official tour guides for this frozen expedition were the Northern Wangfei, Shang Qinghua, and the third young master of the Shen family, Shen Yuan.

Let It Go in the Tundra

The palace of Mobei-jun was a masterpiece of structural ice, looking infinitely grander and more breathtaking than Elsa’s castle from *Frozen*.

The moment they reached the magnificent, glittering grand staircase made of solid ice, the two modern transmigrators couldn't help themselves. Striking theatrical poses on the stairs, Shen Yuan and Shang Qinghua began loudly belted out the chorus of *"Let It Go!"* to the absolute bewilderment of the surrounding demons.

As they walked through the palace corridors, they encountered various northern citizens: stunning snow maidens, crystalline ice foxes, giant polar bear demons, and majestic ice wolves. The moment these fierce creatures spotted the group, they bowed with absolute, trembling reverence to the Supreme Demon Emperor Luo Binghe, the Empress Shen(?), and their own beloved Northern Wangfei, Shang Qinghua.

Shang Qinghua led the crew through the colossal grand hall, the Northern throne room, and finally into the legendary royal vaults.

Shen Yuan poked around the glittering treasures, playfully admiring a few artifacts before letting out a soft sigh. "Ah, I’ve always wanted a necklace made of Eternal Ice."

Right on cue, Mobei-jun materialized from the frost. Being a highly dutiful vassal to the Emperor (and deeply fond of his husband's best friend), he effortlessly conjured the necklace with a wave of his hand.

But he didn't stop there. As a special bonus, he infused the necklace with a powerful dimensional crest, granting Shen Yuan the ability to open a portal to any location he had previously visited.

The moment the two modern otaku realized what this was, they simultaneously gasped and yelled in unison:

"DOKODEMO DOOR!"

Without missing a beat, they happily began singing the *Doraemon* theme song at the top of their lungs, completely turning the solemn royal treasury into a karaoke booth.

The Frozen Magic Show

Watching his partner's sheer, chaotic joy, a rare, incredibly soft smile tugged at the corner of Mobei-jun’s lips.

Seizing the romantic atmosphere, Shang Qinghua immediately clung to his husband's arm, whining in a sweet, spoiled tone: "My King, show the camera your ice magic! Do the Frozen princess pose! Come on, just once!"

As the "Cumplane" duo giggled hysterically at the sheer ridiculousness of the request, the domestic warmth was suddenly interrupted. A group of foolish, death-seeking northern rebels chose that exact, highly inconvenient moment to launch a surprise ambush inside the vault.

With a look of supreme annoyance, Mobei-jun didn't even blink. He casually flicked his wrist, instantly flash-freezing the entire group of assassins into giant, glittering human popsicles.

The Fandom's Verdict

When the episode aired, the internet completely lost its mind.

The *PIDW* fans and casual viewers alike went absolutely feral in the comments:

"The demon makeup is too real! The ice palace is so gorgeous, Elsa who?!"

"Mobei-jun is so cool! Did you see how he turned those stuntmen into literal popsicles with zero CGI?! Best action scene of the year!"

"Oh my god, the way Mobei-jun looks at Shang Qinghua... Cumplane is real! I repeat, the ship has officially sailed!"

VLOG Episode 4: The Peak of Beauties and the Miracle Doctor

For the highly anticipated **VLOG EP.4**, the travel itinerary promised a double feature of pure aesthetic heaven and premium wellness.

To make the journey to the ladies' peak, the lovely Ning Yingying stepped up to serve as the day's adorable, substitute **Uber**. Meanwhile, the grumpy yet highly capable War God, Liu

Qingge, retained his position behind the lens as the lead cameraman—a task he performed with surprising diligence, largely because his beloved sister resided on this very peak.

The moment they touched down on Xian Shu Peak, they were greeted by Qi Qingqi. Upon seeing the delicate, glowing face of the modern youth, the Peak Master's hands practically twitched with styling withdrawal. Before Shen Yuan could even protest, he was swiftly dragged away, thoroughly pampered, and dolled up in breathtaking female attire once again!

With their "maiden" host leading the way, the tour of the peak began. They wandered through towering arches of blooming, fragrant purple wisteria and endless fields of ethereal roses, before stepping into the peak's high-fashion atelier, where celestial silk robes were woven by hand.

But the real highlight of the tour was, of course, the ladies of Xian Shu. The screen was filled with gorgeous immortal maidens, culminating in a striking appearance by Liu Mingyan in her signature, mysterious purple robes and face veil. To top it all off, the disciples put on a choreographed sword dance, their fluid, elegant movements so stunningly beautiful that the viewers' eyes practically watered from pure visual overload.

The Clinic of the Miracle Doctor

After parting ways with the gorgeous maidens, Shen Yuan and his crew headed straight to Qian Cao Peak (the Peak of a Thousand Herbs).

They strolled across the majestic Rainbow Bridge, passed through vast, lush gardens of mystical medicinal herbs, and walked past a line of battered Bai Zhan disciples who had been sent there for their daily post-beating physical therapy.

Shen Yuan led the camera straight into the head office of the medical hall, calling out with familiar warmth: "Qingfang~"

Mu Qingfang smoothly placed a bookmark in his text and stood up with a warm, incredibly gentle smile that radiated directly through the camera lens.

"Ah, A-Yuan," the doctor greeted softly. "I was actually just about to send someone to deliver the items you requested. The premium skincare and cosmetic sets are officially complete."

"Ooh! Let me see!" Shen Yuan gasped, his eyes lighting up.

Mu Qingfang presented the beautifully crafted, traditional wooden cosmetic sets. Shen Yuan opened a jar of face cream and immediately tried it out on Ning Yingying. The moment the product touched her skin, both of them let out an audible, synchronized "Wow!" at the incredibly soothing, celestial herbal fragrance.

The kind doctor patiently walked the camera through the natural ingredients and the complex brewing process, generously gifting Shen Yuan several complete sets.

Popping them into his Qiankun pouch, Shen Yuan turned to the camera with a brilliant, highly professional influencer smile. "Alright, guys! I’m putting these up for a special giveaway! There will be three lucky winners, so make sure all you ladies and gentlemen(?) register in the link below to enter!"

The Lucky Winners

When the giveaway results were finally announced, the lucky winners of the modern world celebrated as if they had won the lottery.

The moment they actually tested the herbal creams on their skin, the internet exploded with reviews. The feedback was unanimous and fiercely passionate: the quality of the Cang Qiong skincare set was absolutely out of this world! It was incredibly hydrating, cleared up blemishes overnight, and possessed a natural glow that made premium, high-end modern brands like Cha-X look like cheap dollar-store lotion!

Following the astronomical success of the giveaway, Qian Cao Peak was suddenly flooded with massive, non-stop manufacturing orders for their legendary skincare line. The sales didn't just break records—they completely obliterated them, establishing the medical peak as a global cosmetics empire overnight!

With the beauty segment successfully wrapped up, it was time to pivot to raw, unadulterated action.

For **VLOG EP.5**, the production crew underwent a slight lineup change. The gentle snake demon Zhuzhi-lang stepped up as the day's cameraman, while the reliable **Uber Liu** remained in charge of high-speed aerial transportation.

Their destination? The brutal, blood-and-sweat-soaked playground of Bai Zhan Peak.

This episode was incredibly special because, for the very first time, Shen Yuan was going to engage in a live, real-sword duel with Liu Qingge using his newly acquired "Jue Shi" blade. Even though the formidable War God holding the camera practically held back 99% of his actual power so he wouldn't accidentally vaporize his beloved, fragile spouse, Shen Yuan still suffered a swift, thoroughly embarrassing defeat within seconds.

Sheathing his sword with an awkward, sweaty laugh, Shen Yuan immediately turned to the sidelines and called in his ultimate backup. "Husband! Help me get revenge!"

Enter Luo Binghe.

With a bright, competitive grin, the Demon Emperor stepped onto the dusty arena. The subsequent clash between the two supreme martial artists was an absolute, awe-inspiring spectacle of flashing steel, roaring spiritual energy, and playful banter, all of which Zhuzhi-lang meticulously captured from the perfect cinematic angles.

To top off the action-packed episode, the rest of the fiery Bai Zhan disciples organized an impromptu, all-out sword tournament right there on the training grounds, filling the screen with spectacular stunts and raw, competitive energy.

The Martial Masterpiece

The reaction to this combat-focused vlog was nothing short of fanatical.

The *Proud Immortal Demon Way* action enthusiasts and casual martial arts fans went absolutely wild in the comment sections, showering the video with endless praise:

"The fight choreography in this vlog is absolutely elite! You can't find this level of swordplay in modern cinema!"

"The rematch between the protagonist and the War God is the ultimate specialty of this channel! I've rewatched their duel ten times already!"

"Is nobody going to talk about how gorgeous the sparks looked hitting the blade?! This is peak martial arts fiction brought to life!"

VLOG Episode 6: The Holy Mausoleum and the Immortal Bombshell

For **VLOG EP.6**, the spotlight shifted to a highly disgruntled father. Tianlang-jun had been loudly complaining for days that his son, Luo Binghe, was getting far too much screen time. Today, the majestic Demon Daddy demanded to be the star of the show!

For this specialized gothic tour, Tianlang-jun proudly took Shen Yuan and Luo Binghe to the Holy Mausoleum of the Demon Race, with the loyal Zhuzhi-lang once again operating the camera.

Shen Yuan looked around the dark, ancient structure with immense curiosity. To show off a bit, Tianlang-jun briefly triggered one of the legendary zombie traps, letting a few groaning undead claw at the air before quickly shutting it down to ensure his precious son-in-law wouldn't be put in any actual danger.

Next, they wandered into the chamber of eternal rest. Striking a dramatic pose, Tianlang-jun casually climbed into a massive, ornate stone coffin and lay down to test it out.

Shen Yuan stood there, completely starstruck. The sheer, overwhelming aura radiating from the coffin was unbelievable. Even while lying flat inside a literal casket, Tianlang-jun somehow looked like he was sitting majestically on a grand imperial throne!

Is this the terrifying, unmatched power of a pure Heavenly Demon?! Shen Yuan thought, his inner fanboy screaming.

The Walkthrough of Death Traps

Moving on to the Chamber of Lamentation, Shen Yuan's inner web-novel critic took the wheel. He began lecturing the camera on the lore of the tomb, pointing out that if anyone tried to steal the glittering gems embedded in the walls, the highly acidic corpse fluids of ancient demons would instantly flood the room.

When they reached the Chamber of Wrath—where a single wrong step would cause molten lava to erupt—Luo Binghe stepped into the frame, gently explaining to his spouse how to navigate the room by stepping only on the hidden spiritual pulse points.

This, of course, triggered Shen Yuan's PTSD regarding a certain author. He aggressively glared at the lens and complained: "You know, Airplane spent over a hundred thousand words describing these traps in the novel, but if you actually boil down his useless filler, it can literally be summarized in three short sentences!"

Their next stop was the infamous chamber containing parasitic demon plants that automatically attack anyone who uses spiritual energy. Fortunately, Shen Yuan was perfectly safe. As a modern human with absolutely zero cultivation training, his lack of spiritual power made him completely invisible to the deadly flora.

The Ultimate Revelation

While walking through the final hall, Shen Yuan casually mused aloud: "You know, the Holy Mausoleum is famous for possessing the power of resurrection. Maybe we should prep a ritual just in case."

The entire demon entourage froze. Everyone turned their heads in unison to stare at him.

Tianlang-jun blinked, his golden eyes wide. "Yuan-er... who on earth do you want to resurrect?"

Shen Yuan pointed a thumb directly at his own chest. "Me, obviously! Sure, I've eaten a mystical Peach of Immortality and a Phantom Glass Heart, but at most, those things just slow down my aging and keep me looking young. Eventually, I'm still going to kick the bucket!"

Tianlang-jun let out a soft, incredibly amused chuckle. "Yuan-er, do you still remember that special 'nourishing pill' I fed you a while back?"

Shen Yuan nodded slowly, suddenly feeling a cold sweat break out. "Yeah, what about it?"

Tianlang-jun flashed a blindingly sweet, mischievous smile. "That was the legendary **Elixir of Absolute Immortality**. Anyone who consumes it gains a completely immortal body, even if they have never cultivated a single day in their life."

"HUH?!" Shen Yuan's jaw hit the floor.

Tianlang-jun's smile grew even wider. "Congratulations, Yuan-er. You are now a fully immortal, eternal human."

!!!

The Fandom's Hysteria

When the episode aired, the internet was thrown into absolute, unmitigated chaos.

The *PIDW* fans were completely mesmerized by the dark fantasy aesthetics, while modern cultivators watching the stream lost their absolute minds:

"The Holy Mausoleum looks so sacred and terrifying! And how does Tianlang-jun manage to make lying in a coffin look like a high-fashion runway shoot?! Are we sure he's human?!"

"Wait, did he just say an IMMORTALITY PILL?! Is that actually a real thing?!"

In the hours following the broadcast, Shen Yuan's direct messages were absolutely bombarded by desperate, real-world spiritual practitioners begging for the secrets of the universe:

[Daoist_Cloud_9]: *Young Master Shen! Please, I beg of you, give us the recipe for that elixir! I will trade my entire sect's treasury for it!* 😭🙏

[Sword_Sage_420]: *Where do we find the Phantom Glass Heart?! Is it in the northern regions?! Please respond!*

[Peach_Lover]: *Venerable Elder Shen, do you happen to have any spare Immortality Peaches lying around? Asking for a friend!*

VLOG Episode 7: The Drunken Snow Lotus and the Kissing Spree

For the mid-series episodes, Shen Yuan decided to explore the lesser-known, unnamed, and auxiliary peaks of the Cang Qiong Mountain Sect.

The chaos officially kicked off on **Zui Xian Peak (Drunken Immortal Peak)**, the official brewery of the sect. Shen Yuan's brilliant plan was to host a highly sophisticated fairy wine-tasting segment. However, despite now possessing a body of absolute immortality, his biological constitution remained fundamentally that of a weak, modern human.

One single, tiny cup of premium spiritual sake was all it took.

Instantly, Shen Yuan’s brain short-circuited. He became completely, spectacularly wasted, forcing the camera crew to immediately cut the broadcast. But the camera being turned off did not stop the drunk Snow Lotus. Overflowing with chaotic liquid courage, Shen Yuan went on a highly targeted, unstoppable mission to find every single one of his husbands.

The Grand Kissing Stampede

First, he stumbled his way up to Qiong Ding Peak to find Yue Qingyuan. The moment his blurry eyes locked onto the Sect Master, Shen Yuan squealed, launched himself into a flying hug, planted a massive, wet kiss directly onto Qi-ge's cheek, and then casually ran away as if nothing had happened, leaving a completely frozen, blushing Sect Master behind.

Next, he wobbled over to Qing Jing Peak, barging directly into the middle of Shen Qingqiu's quiet lecture. Ignoring the gasps of the disciples, Shen Yuan slid onto his elegant spouse's lap, wrapped his arms tightly around his neck, planted a series of aggressive kisses all over his cheeks, and immediately stood up to waddle away.

Still unsatisfied, he stumbled onto the violent training grounds of Bai Zhan Peak. Right in the middle of a fierce sparring match, Shen Yuan boldly skipped into the arena, flashed a blindingly sweet smile, and leaped onto Liu Qingge. He wrapped his legs around the War God's waist and kissed him squarely on the cheek.

The entire peak of fierce warriors collectively gasped, their faces violently flushing red in unison at the sheer, public display of affection.

Watching their spouse run completely wild, a highly panicked Luo Binghe and Zhuzhi-lang rushed forward to retrieve the drunk menace, hauling him off toward the medical bay. Along the way, Shen Yuan rewarded his captors by happily planting kisses all over their faces too.

Upon arriving at Qian Cao Peak, Shen Yuan immediately attempted to add Mu Qingfang to his conquest list, trying to kiss the doctor's cheeks. Remaining perfectly calm, Mu Qingfang offered a gentle, patient smile, swiftly popped a specialized anti-inebriation pill into Shen Yuan's mouth, and watched as the exhausted, chaotic Snow Lotus instantly fell fast asleep in his arms.

VLOG Episode 8: Nuns, Curses, and Fluffy Beasts

Once he finally sobered up, **VLOG EP.8** resumed with a trip to **Ku Xing Peak (Ascetic Peak)**.

Shen Yuan took one look around the barren, silent landscape, read the endless list of strict rules, and immediately turned back toward the camera. "Nope. It's way too quiet, there are too many rules, and it literally feels like being trapped in an extreme monastery. We're leaving!"

To make up for the short segment, he took the viewers to **Xie Ling Peak**, a specialized peak dedicated to spiritual talismans, ancient artifacts, and dangerous curses.

While wandering through the vault of ancient relics, Shen Yuan's innate curiosity got the better of him. Despite warnings, he began poking around a highly suspicious, ancient cursed teapot.

Poof!

In a cloud of glittering pink smoke, the curse was instantly triggered, turning Shen Yuan into a gorgeous, delicate woman for the next three days! The husbands were absolutely thrilled; Shen Yuan, however, spent the next seventy-two hours screaming into his pillow.

To wrap up the episode on a wholesome note, the crew visited **Ling Shou Peak (Spiritual Beasts Peak)**.

Because of his pure, gentle soul (and perhaps his lingering scent of an immortal Snow Lotus), Shen Yuan was an absolute magnet for the mythical creatures. Within minutes of arriving, he was completely buried under a giant mountain of fluffy, affectionate spiritual beasts, giant mystical cats, and baby Qilins, all of them nuzzling him in pure adoration as the camera captured the ultimate, heart-melting final frame of the episode.

VLOG Episode 9: The Ruthless Emperor and the Retired Father

After taking a brief break to tour more of the breathtaking landscapes of Cang Qiong Peak, Shen Yuan decided it was time to bring his audience back to the mysterious depths of the Demon Realm.

This time, Shen Yuan himself was behind the camera. Stepping into the grand Imperial Throne Room, he quietly angled the lens from a tight, sneaky corner, capturing a perspective he was entirely sure Luo Binghe couldn't see.

The camera slowly panned across the vast, intimidating hall, capturing the fierce demon lords and generals gathered below—whom the clueless modern netizens immediately assumed were just incredibly dedicated, top-tier background actors in makeup.

Finally, the lens focused on Luo Binghe sitting upon his obsidian throne.

The visual of the Emperor presiding over his dark court was absolutely breathtaking. Surrounded by shadows and holding court with cold, calculating authority, Luo Binghe looked so devastatingly cool, powerful, and ruthlessly masculine that Shen Yuan’s inner fanboy wanted to scream at the top of his lungs.

This was the raw, untamed Demon Emperor—vicious, commanding, and absolutely mesmerizing when his spouse wasn't actively distracting him!

The Tired Sovereign

The moment the intense imperial meeting finally concluded, Shen Yuan smoothly passed the camera over to Zhuzhi-lang. Shaking off his silent awe, he cutely waddled straight up the steps of the throne to greet his husband.

"Tough day at the office, Binghe?" Shen Yuan cooed softly.

Instantly, the terrifying, world-conquering Demon Emperor deflated. Shedding his fierce imperial aura like a discarded cloak, Luo Binghe dramatically slumped forward and buried his face in his husband's shoulder, whining in a sweet, pathetic tone: "Yuan-shizun~! These demons are so incredibly annoying! Can I please just quit being the Demon Emperor?!"

Shen Yuan let out an amused roll of his eyes. "Well, if you want to resign, why don't you go ask your dear Daddy?"

Behind the scenes, standing just off-camera, Tianlang-jun instantly felt a violent, icy shiver run straight down his spine.

He stared at the throne in absolute horror, his mind screaming in panic. There was absolutely no way in hell he was going back to the Palace of Illusion or the Underground Throne Room!

Never! the elder demon thought, backing away slowly. *I am officially retired! You cannot drag me back to do corporate management work!!!*

VLOG Episode 10: Monks, Nuns, and the Lost Harem

For **VLOG EP.10**, Shen Yuan finally delivered on his promise to cover the monastic regions, starting with Zhao Hua Temple.

Standing before the majestic, peaceful temple gates, Shen Yuan turned to the camera and let out a deeply exasperated, loud sigh. "See? What did I tell you guys?! It’s literally just bald monks chanting scriptures! Zero visual variety!"

Moving swiftly along, they arrived at the sister peak of Tian Yi Overlook, which—as predicted—was entirely populated by devout, meditating nuns.

However, this stop came with an incredibly scandalous, bittersweet twist for the *Proud Immortal Demon Way* lore-hunters. Shen Yuan’s camera happened to capture a group of breathtakingly beautiful young nuns practicing in the courtyard.

For the hardcore readers, these maidens were instantly recognizable: they were none other than the iconic, top-tier beauties destined to be Luo Binghe’s wives in the original novel’s harem! In this current timeline, however, they stood absolutely zero chance of ever marrying the Demon Emperor.

Staring at their ethereal, flawless faces, Shen Yuan couldn't help but mentally lament: *They really are gorgeously suited to be harem wives... What a tragedy that my husband turned into a giant, monogamous, clingy puppy-dog instead!*

VLOG Episode 11: The Gaudy Palace of Huan Hua

The grand travel series finally reached its majestic climax in **VLOG EP.11** with a trip to the prestigious Huan Hua Palace.

The current Palace Master, Gongyi Xiao, welcomed the vlog crew with open arms, putting on an incredibly warm, polite, and top-tier hospitality show that had the comments section immediately swooning over his gentle-gentleman charms.

As they toured the grand halls, Shen Yuan leaned close to the camera, whispering his only real design critique: "The hospitality is amazing, but honestly, there is way too much gold decoration in this place! It’s so blindingly gaudy it feels like walking inside a giant treasury!"

Still, the overall tour was a massive success, giving the fans an unparalleled look into the inner workings of the magical palace.

The Grand Finale: The 4K Box Sets

With Huan Hua Palace successfully checked off the list, Shen Yuan had officially completed his grand, history-making tour of every single major location across the two realms.

To satisfy the ravenous demands of the global fanbase, the massive mountain of high-definition footage was meticulously compiled, polished, and divided into two spectacular, premium editions: **"The Cultivation Chronicles: The Immortal Realm Set"** and **"The Abyssal Chronicles: The Demon Realm Set."**

The long-awaited, ultra-crisp 4K physical Blu-ray collector's box sets were finally released to the public. For the millions of fans who were desperate to preserve the divine, heavenly visuals of the Peak Masters, the War Gods, and the Demon Sovereigns in crystal-clear quality, this was the ultimate holy grail—triggering yet another massive, chaotic shopping frenzy across the modern world!

End Notes

Thank you for reading. 🌸

I never imagined that a single "What if...?" would grow into an entire universe.

Yet here we are.

If you've made it this far, thank you for sharing this journey with me.

I hope this Story Bible made you smile, sparked your imagination, or simply gave you a pleasant way to spend your time.

And if, someday, this little universe inspires you to tell a story of your own...

I'd truly love to read it.

Every writer tells a story differently, and I'd be delighted to see where your imagination takes these ideas.

Until then, thank you for visiting the Snow Lotus AU.

May your own plot bunnies always find a happy home. 🌸💚

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!